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Kennedy in Search of a Formula

STILL reeling from the effects of the Cuban fiasco, Mr Kennedy must prepare himself for a further series of heavy blows. In Persia, the Shah and his new liberal premier are engaged in the hazardous experiment of relaxing the screws of a corrupt and autocratic regime. In Laos, western diplomats are desperately struggling for a formula to stem the Chinese tide. In South Vietnam, the Americans may soon have to assume an outright military commitment. In South Korea they are being forced to choose between a corrupt semi-democracy and outright military rule.

These scattered problems have an essential element in common. In the world's under-developed areas, especially those emerging from colonialism, the Communists have been able to devise a workable politico-economic formula. Recognising that bread (or rice) seems more important than free elections to landless peasants, they have offered economic justice at the price of totalitarian control. This has enabled them, in the areas under their control, to create viable economies, harsh but efficient, capable of producing a steady and perceptible rise in living standards.

Mr Kennedy's misfortune is that his two predecessors were never able to devise an alternative formula which could compete in these areas. In Europe, Marshall Aid introduced an era of affluence within a democratic framework. But in Europe the elements of success were already in being: an industrial base, a high level of technology, a tradition of relatively equitable and efficient administration. Elsewhere, America's attempt to export her formula of free-enterprise democracy has met with almost unrelieved failure. A skin of capitalism has been grafted onto a feudal framework, and this ugly and inefficient hybrid – kept alive indeed only by constant injections of dollars and arms – has cannibalised democracy in order to survive. The peasants have got neither bread nor votes.

Now the US satellite structure is crumbling, and Mr Kennedy must think fast. He has two different, but related, problems. In the short term, he must try to hold the physical frontiers and prevent another Laos in Vietnam, Korea and elsewhere. This is primarily a problem in diplomacy and he is right to seek an early meeting with Mr Krushchev. The latter feels confident about the future and has no need to risk military adventures to secure prizes which he believes will be his in due course. Hence he may well heed a warning from Mr Kennedy that there are certain areas where direct Communist pressure will be resisted.

But this will not be enough. Mr Kennedy has not only to secure the external frontiers; he must win the internal battle – and this is a problem in economics. He must begin to tackle it by recognising frankly that the old formula of free-enterprise democracy is not exportable to Asia and Africa – or perhaps to most of Latin-America either. What, then, is the alternative? We have no simple answer, but we do possess a few clues. In Israel and India, western capital has been successfully employed in creating an industrial base; in both cases, the 'take-off' stage is near and there is a good chance that economic growth will soon become self-sustaining without any essential sacrifice of democratic principle. What has been sacrificed is the unrestricted right of the individual to engage in private economic activity; indeed, the central economic power – and the bulk of the administrative class – have been placed in the service of the state. Both countries have accepted that in the vital investment period the state must come first; if political freedom is to be preserved, the luxuries of economic freedom must wait. This is the essence of social democracy. Mr Kennedy may not like the idea of exporting an economic formula in conflict with the capitalist ethic of his own country. But let him reflect that it was Roosevelt's experiments in Socialism which saved both political and economic freedom in America. Moreover, Socialism is still open to the corrective of the popular will; Communism is for keeps.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Where We Came In

ANTHONY HOWARD

Anthony Howard this week joins us from the Guardian *as our Political Correspondent. He has just returned to British politics after ten months in the United States*

It is not perhaps a bad time to return. At least in the Labour Party the smoke and the dust has cleared a bit, and there – in full view of the cheering millions – is Hugh Gaitskell receiving the type of popular acclaim that in the cinemas is reserved for Ben Hur at the end of the chariot race. It is all very reassuring and comforting, and is almost persuasive that – despite the odd alarum and excursion – nothing much changed whilst one's back was turned. But of course it did – some of it with obvious consequences and some of it with slightly more mysterious ones.

To take Hugh Gaitskell himself first. Perhaps the greatest puzzle, at any rate to the ordinary party member, is why he should apparently be unwilling to make the smallest gesture in the direction of any form of compromise. It was, after all, Lord Pakenham (as he then was, and to some always will be) who spelt out to him shortly after the Labour Party conference that, if he had been brave in defeat, then he must be generous in victory. And in doing so the Earl of Longford was almost certainly speaking for what is today the view of a good part of the Labour Party's bottom crust.

Yet twice this week – first, hardly surprisingly, in face of the Six Points of the Appeal For Unity Group, and secondly in giving a firm rejection to the 24 trade union Burghers of Calais – Mr Gaitskell has seemed to turn aside from any olive branch. To some MPs the party leader's attitude has appeared all the more curious as originally he was known not to have been personally anxious to have the Five Members expelled, and to have been willing at least to take a look at the Crossman-Padley statement on defence.

But that, of course, was in almost a different era. For six months after the party conference of last October, Mr Gaitskell virtually abdicated from personal leadership. He was taken into a kind of protective custody by the chief whip, Mr Bert Bowden, and by the deputy leader, Mr George Brown.

All this, however, came to an end on that Thursday afternoon, 4 May (now known in some circles of the Parliamentary Labour Party as Independence Day) when Mr Gaitskell came smiling sunnily down the corridor to his room, with Mr Gordon Walker at his elbow insisting that, after all the leader had been through, he really must now take a holiday. The leader of the Labour Party made it very plain that he had no intention of doing any such thing. Instead he immediately set about very successfully establishing his own personal authority.

From now on it is clearly regarded as a political necessity that Mr Gaitskell should be presented as the rock that – throughout the earthquake, the wind and the fire – was never shaken.

It is a plausible tactic, and one that is hard to quarrel with. Given the way events have fallen out, the Labour Party must clearly attempt to cash what cheques it can; and one of them obviously is the consistent personal advertisement yielded by the newspapers (from whatever motive) to its leader in the past two years. Nevertheless there will be a charge on the cheque, and it begins to look as if it may be heavy.

Take, for example, the curious saga of the Home Policy Document. A fortnight ago all seemed to be friendship and agreement. Mr Gaitskell was said to find nothing exceptionable in the document – indeed he was believed to be proud of having provided one or two of its key phrases himself, Mr Anthony Crosland was seriously disconcerting a Transport House official by telling him over lunch that he found it 'admirable', and apart from a worried conversational reference by Mr Roy Jenkins to steel re-nationalisation being 'the Monte Cassino of the Labour movement' everyone seemed to be happy. Not, however, for long.

Admittedly a rump meeting of the Home Policy sub-committee on Monday 8 May played into any hesitant hands by providing the occasion for the six-week delay. But for the real cause of the second thoughts (at least on the overriding need for careful wording) one almost certainly has to look further – to, in fact, a new realisation that has come to those who dwell in the commanding heights of the Labour movement in parliament.

Put briefly it is that the party-worker will follow the voter rather than the other way about – that if you are careful to avoid the possibility of misrepresentation and are clearly seen to be gaining a mass appeal, then the door-knockers and the letter-boxes will take care of themselves. It is far from being only in the Bloomsbury headquarters of the Campaign For Democratic Socialism that the electorate is seen as a deserving beneficiary and the party worker as a defaulting trustee.

Behind the theory, too, is a point slightly more rooted in practicality. Not the least important influence on the new balance of power in the Labour Party is the growth of the notion among its higher echelons that the party worker, in his old-fashioned door-knocking sense, belongs to the horse-and-buggy age. There is a widespread conviction that the next election will be won (or lost) not on the door-steps but rather in the sitting-rooms around the television screen, in the railway carriages to the flutter of newspapers, or even in the car under the encouraging gaze of the poster sites. It will not, in fact, matter if no one else is for Hugh Gaitskell so long as the people are.

All this, however, presupposes a condition – and a condition that has not even begun to be met. It is hard now to remember that the first wheel to which Mr Gaitskell bravely set his shoulder immediately after the 1959 election had nothing whatever to do with the Bomb, defence or even foreign policy. It was rather the cause (with all the sinister undertones that it has since gathered) of 'modernising' the party. That cause has got nowhere except into confusion: a confusion made manifest when in the early days of planning the Bristol by-election Mr Gaitskell's own Praetorian Guard suddenly turned upon him with the sharp reminder that this was a working-class party which, it was even added nastily, he could not be expected fully to understand.

It is impossible, in fact, to resist the conclusion that even if the conference at Blackpool does finally lay the defence ghost the Labour Party will simply be back to exactly where it was two years ago. The most that can be expected is that at almost the half-way point to a normal date for the next election, the party will at last be directing its attention to how to win it.

The first positive indication of how seriously the party intends to take that election will be the choice that it makes (after October) of a successor to Mr Morgan Phillips. Perhaps the Opposition's greatest need today is for a first-class administrator and publicist as its party manager – a man (if the horse laughs would not ring out from virtually every trade union member of the National Executive) such as Mr Richard Crossman. Mr Crossman will almost certainly not be appointed: such is the paradox of politics and the memory of trade unionists. But an appointment of that kind is about the party's only hope of catching up on lost time.

For some more strange things are bound to happen after Blackpool. Mr Gaitskell himself is quite shrewd enough to see that his most intransigent allies on defence are not all of them likely to be his most natural allies when he launches his Second Front – after the catastrophic Dieppe Raid at Blackpool in 1959 – on party organisation and projection. In the end the main issue of Labour politics in 1961 may well turn out not to have been the defence issue itself but rather the manner in which the inevitable *renversement des alliances* following it is carried out.

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NEXT WEEK

The Struggle for Commercial TV

The full inside story of the campaign for commercial TV in Britain.

Long Vacation

A NEW STATESMAN *survey of student activities in the long vacation.*

Comments on the Week's News

Laos

Hopes for Peace

A Special Correspondent writes from Vientiane: Even as the summer rain comes beating on the streets of Vientiane, settling the dust and lightening the pre-monsoon sultriness, hope soars high in Laotian breasts of peace at last and a solution for their war-torn little country. Perhaps the most noticeable development is an unprecedented measure of moderation on the part of the government at Vientiane. This is evident in, for instance, its agreement to talk with 'the other' cease-fire delegation at Ban Nam Mon instead of at Ban Hin Heup, and also in the composition of its delegation. This contained two civilians in addition to the usual military personnel under General Sing, and one of them was Ou Varavong, neutrally inclined and formerly a minister in Souvanna Phouma's government. It is also evident in General Phoumi Nosavan's proposal – even though it never materialised – for talks with Souvanna Phouma and Pathet Lao leader Souphanouvong. It may be true, as reports indicate, that the moderation has come about as a result of British advice to the Vientiane government – whose position is in any case not exactly enviable. But that is beside the point. The important thing, according to high government circles here, is that as far as the internal Laotian situation is concerned, a solution will have to be reached by the Laotians themselves. The feeling is that the three Laotian delegations at Geneva will be somehow persuaded to talk business, and that some kind of compromise will result. As for the neutrality of Laos, obviously that depends on the big powers. Laos of course cannot exist without outside aid. But for administering the aid, one ex-minister suggested to me, it might not be a bad idea to set up some kind of neutrally constituted commission.

There is, all said, a tendency among some observers here to become somewhat enthusiastically optimistic. Much store is set by the fact that the neutralisation of Laos would automatically create some kind of neutral belt comprising Cambodia, Laos and Burma. But two factors should help sober the optimism. First, there is the question of China's aims in this region, which it has never really taken the trouble to conceal. Unabashed encouragement of dual citizenship and illegal Chinese immigration in the South-east Asian countries is not a very hopeful sign. Nor, if past experience means anything, can reliance be placed on China's word which is apparently good only as long as it coincides with its interests. While Russia may differ from China on major dogma, it is doubtful if Mr Krushchev would bring private pressure to bear on the Chinese to drop their traditional methods of infiltration and subversion. It is generally accepted here that Chinese intentions in this region would at any rate not be hindered by the neutralisation of Laos. Partition, on the other hand, might be positively helpful. Already, Communist guerrillas, the Vietcong, are increasing their activity in Vietnam, where reports speak of over 300 killings every month. To all this, western resistance will hardly remain passive.

Observers here on the whole expect that, even though the Communists attempt to drive as hard a bargain as possible at Geneva and, confident that time is on their side, drag out the negotiations, some kind of solution for Laos *will* emerge. But, of course, the war in Laos has little to do with Laos itself; and when agreement on this particular problem is eventually reached, nobody doubts that tension will continue in other parts of South-east Asia – until the great powers choose to relax it.

Geneva

Behind the Laotian Crisis

A Special Correspondent writes: Marshal Chen Yi's attack on American policy in the first hour of the Geneva Conference should not be dismissed as unimportant because it repeats the familiar phrases of Peking's ceaseless propaganda. It immediately confronted the delegates with the unhappy reality that Laos has become a pawn in the cold war politics of South-East Asia. No doubt the conveners of the Conference will continue their patient efforts to find some formula for a neutral Laos. But while Rusk makes concessions at Geneva, Vice-President Lyndon Johnson plans increased military aid to South Vietnam. It is here, it seems, that President Kennedy, recognising the strategic loss of Laos, has decided to draw the line. The US is already spending £54m a year in military and economic aid to the authoritarian regime of Ngo Dinh Diem who, while personally honest and tough, is surrounded by the corrupt men (and relatives) who flourish where dollars are plentiful. Johnson has offered a further £14m a year plus additional military aid. His offer of American troops – at this stage – was turned down by Ngo Dinh Diem. But the American assumption is that, while Laos cannot be held, South Vietnam is strategically viable. Even Senator Fulbright, who was not in favour of intervention in Laos, favours direct military assistance to South Vietnam, if requested, to prevent it from being overrun by the Communists. A similar approach was evident in the Seato communiqué last month stating that the powers assembled in Bangkok were 'firmly resolved not to acquiesce' in the Communist takeover of South Vietnam.

South Vietnam has had none of the limelight focused on Laos, but the war between the Vietcong and Ngo Dinh Diem's troops had been on a greater scale during the past year. Ngo Dinh Diem has an army of 150,000, largely American-financed and partly trained by the US Military Advisory Group. It is fighting a guerrilla force of at least 10,000, many of them trained in earlier resistance to the French. While Diem can claim control of the towns, guerrillas hold or can threaten a great deal of the countryside, especially in the Mekong delta.

These are the hard facts which influence the American and the Chinese evaluation of Laos at the Geneva conference. The Americans ask whether neutrality could be effective when the Pathet Lao hold so much of the country and calculate cutting their losses by a partition of the country as they did in Vietnam. The Chinese have already hinted that they might support this policy, which would give them exclusive control over a large part of Laos, as well as opportunities of extending their influence in the mountainous jungles which make up the frontier with South Vietnam.

Angola

The Portuguese Colonial War

The Portuguese military operation against the African rebels in northern Angola has now started. Almost all the Europeans have been evacuated and many Africans have fled. The ground is thus cleared for an all-out attack by Portuguese napalm bombs and machine guns against the arrows and rifles of the rebels.

As the rains cease the campaign is likely to become an indiscriminate war of extermination. Salazar brushed aside the attempted coup in Lisbon with ludicrous ease; yet he knows that, if he and his regime are to survive, he must suppress the Angola revolt in a short, sharp campaign. His Lisbon opponents criticised his weakness in meeting the revolt because both they and he know that the present form of society in Portugal can continue only so long as it is based on the wealth of Angola. At present the arms used by Salazar's forces are manufactured almost entirely in other Nato countries. The Americans have already sharply rebuked Portuguese colonial policy by their vote at the United Nations. Britain, despite the incredible ineptitude of the Admiralty in sending the frigate *Leopard* on a good-will visit to Luanda, can have no desire to be associated with indiscriminate slaughter, which must arouse the hostility of the entire African continent. Brazil, Portugal's traditional ally, under President Quadros, is trying to forge new links with Africa and refuses to support Salazar's policy.

The Portuguese government is thus making a last desperate gamble to save something from the impending wreckage. It is most unlikely to succeed. The business men who had hoped that Krupp's interest in the iron ore of southern Angola might reinforce the colonial contribution to their economy, would like to see the government switch its policy to multi-racialism. But it is now too late for that, and already signs of restiveness have appeared in the east African colony of Mozambique. The whole Portuguese colonial structure is crumbling. Even if it were persuaded, the Salazar regime is incapable of either restoring the forced-labour structure on which it has rested or of converting it to any form of multi-racialism.

Pan-Africa

Nigeria's Leadership Bid

The Monrovia conference of independent African states has an important significance, though not quite what was originally intended. All the independent states were invited and expected to attend; at the last minute, however, the Casablanca powers – Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Morocco and the United Arab Republic – absented themselves. The first significance of the conference, therefore, was the fact that for the first time it brought together the Brazzaville states – i.e. the moderate ex-French nations – and the uncommitted, led by Nigeria, Tunisia and Liberia. As the conference has set up a technical commission to draw up plans for co-operation in preparation for a new meeting in Lagos, it is fair to say that it has taken a step towards a working unity of independent

Africa. This is very important in itself.

The second significant trend to emerge from Monrovia is the beginning of Nigeria's bid for African leadership. It has always been obvious that, with a population of nearly 40 million, an independent Nigeria would be a much stronger candidate for leadership than Ghana, with a mere five million. At this conference the Nigerian Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar, assumed the mantle of leadership, winding up all the major debates; while the next conference is to be held in his capital, Lagos. The absence of the five Casablanca powers has thus left them isolated. The 20 powers represented in Monrovia far outweigh them in numbers, resources and population; and the Casablanca group is left with a choice of joining – a bit late – in the attempt to forge continental unity or being left in the cold as a dissident minority.

South Africa

Reverence and Revolt

A Special Correspondent writes from Johannesburg: 'There shall be no equality between white and black in church or state', declared the constitution of the old Transvaal republic a century ago. The constitution of the new Boer Republic avoids such crudities. It begins by recognizing that only by divine guidance have white South Africans hitherto been 'wondrously (*sic*) delivered from the dangers that beset them.' The preamble also implies that the country belongs to the white-skinned whose 'forebears God gathered together from many lands and gave them this their own'. Thus the tone is set for the reverence which Dr Verwoerd has appealed for.

But the indications are that the transition will be marked more by revolt than reverence. Meetings are prohibited under heavier penalties, and the police are hunting for everyone who is 'dangerous' in his determination to assist the campaign of non-Whites to stay away from work for two days on 29 and 30 May. In spite of this, the movement is gathering support. Even the Cape Coloured people, who failed to ally themselves with the Africans and Indians in last year's crisis, are now stirring with a new degree of political consciousness. It is the presence of so many Coloured people in Cape Town that makes it, from the Nationalist point of view, an unsuitable place in which to inaugurate the Boer Republic. Accordingly, the trees have been removed from Pretoria's central square in order to make room for the faithful, who are urged to assemble there to hail the first president on 31 May.

Mr Charles Swart is a significant choice. As a small boy, he was in one of the notorious 'concentration camps' opened by the British during the Boer War. As a young man he took part in the rebellion against South Africa's participation in the First World War, and was put on trial for sedition or espionage ('I can't remember which,' he says). After trying his luck in Hollywood, he settled down as a country solicitor and a pillar of the Nationalist Party. When his party took office, he became Minister of Justice, holding office for 11 critical years. His achievement was a reduction of the prestige of the Supreme Court to a low level by appointing to the bench only true Afrikaners and a few other barristers known to be indulgent towards government policy. By the laws he introduced and enforced, he has done more than anyone to destroy freedom of speech.

As president, Swart will be able to exercise larger powers than he did as Governor-General. Just how much larger is already a matter of dispute among constitutional lawyers some of whom have expressed doubts about the continued operation of the constitutional conventions that have hitherto bound the Queen's representative. Mr Swart's appointment for seven years also means that in the unlikely event of the opposition winning the next election, they would be confronted by a politically-committed president chosen by the Nationalists.

Industry

Coal from America?

Our Economic Correspondent writes: The application of the Steel Company of Wales for a licence to import American coal is to be decided upon this week. It is a decision of great importance on a question which has been widely misunderstood. The company in explanation of its request points to the increasing competition in steel abroad and the increasing price of coal at home. New steel works are being erected in Germany, Italy and the other countries of the Common Market which are to utilise cheap oil and cheap American coal. The threat to British steel exports and exports of steel manufactures is evident. The difference in price seems substantial. American coal at the moment is some 16s. per ton cheaper than the corresponding quality of British coal. This might represent some five per cent in the price of steel and if, as proposed, two million tons are purchased some £1.6 m in profit. If the price on the market really indicated long run social advantage, national interest would certainly be served by buying abroad. But it does not; and this has been recognised by the heavy protection of steel which has been granted to the Iron and Steel Federation and which has been relaxed only when there has been an acute shortage of steel. Moreover, as Mr Robens was quick to point out, the coal industry has provided a very substantial subsidy to steel throughout the post-war period by supplying coal at a level substantially below that ruling in the world market. Indeed, the Board subsidised high-priced American coal when cheap British supplies were insufficient. A certain reciprocity in relations must therefore be looked for. This reciprocity is the more essential as the reasons for the cheapness of American coal seem entirely transient. It is the result of the recession in America, which is on the mend, and the consequent depression of freight rates; these too should change with the increasing demand for raw materials and foodstuffs, not the least by the USSR and China. If the Steel Company of Wales relied on American supplies, it might be put in a most awkward position in six months or so. In the meantime, of course, it would be pleasant to make a windfall of a million or so out of the embarrassment of American mine-owners.

But the story does not end there. The cost to the community of Welsh coal must not be calculated on the basis of current wages and prices. It must be calculated on the basis of wages *minus* the unemployment benefit which has to be paid out to miners thrown out of work – and taking account of the cost in social tension and insecurity which would follow government approval of a profit-motivated decision to purchase US coal. Nationalisation of steel and coal was advocated by the Labour Party largely because, being basic industries which need heavy capital investment and the capacity of which is as difficult to increase as to cut, they require long-term planning. They cannot be conducted on the basis of short-term advantage to private shareholders because the cost to the community of irresponsible action is too high.

Edinburgh

The Kirk in Trouble

A Correspondent writes: Next week the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland will open in Edinburgh with all its traditional ceremony. How stands the Kirk in Scotland today? The shade of John Knox must quiver uneasily as it surveys the present day scene. The blunt truth is that the Presbyterian form of church worship is losing its once great hold on the Scottish people, and in another two or three generations Presbyterians may become a mere sect. Today, the Church of Scotland has over 2,000 ministers and an active membership of nearly 1,300,000; the Episcopal Church in Scotland (affiliated to the Church of England) has seven bishops, over 300 clergy and nearly 104,000 members; but the significant fact is that practically 90 per cent of the 'landed' and titled classes in Scotland are Episcopalians and are seldom or ever seen inside a kirk.

In the 1959-60 Crockford's Clerical Directory, the Earl of Home, the present Foreign Secretary, and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres are listed among the trustees of the Representative Church Council of the Episcopal Church. Indeed, the Scottish aristocracy are more 'English' in their ways, religion and social life than their counterparts in England. Practically all their sons and heirs are sent to English schools and universities, although Scotland has four renowned universities of her own and many fine schools and colleges. Of the 16 Scottish representative peers in the House of Lords not one has been educated in Scotland. Eleven of them, the Duke of Atholl, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Airlie, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Lord Sempill, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Saltoun, Lord Polwarth, Lord Sinclair and the Earl of Selkirk went to Eton; Lord Forbes went to Harrow, the Earl of Perth (a Catholic) to Downside, the Earl of Caithness to Marlborough, the Earl of Dundonald to Wellington and the Earl of Northesk to Greshams. Whatever these peers may be representative of, it is certainly not Scottish education!

Their example is widely followed by all the well-to-do families in Scotland. This perhaps explains their aversion to the kirk and their adherence to episcopacy. In their susceptible teenage years the Scots 'upper-ten' boys get conditioned to bishops, surpliced clergy, stained glass windows and church ritual at their English schools, and in later years come to agree that 'Presbyterianism is no religion for a gentleman.'

The Kirk faces not only powerful and influential competition from the Episcopalians, but also an intense challenge from Roman Catholicism. Today, the RC Church in Scotland has two archbishops, six bishops, hundreds of clergy and claims a following of 780,000. In another two or three decades its membership may exceed that of the Church of Scotland. It is particularly strong in Glasgow and in the industrial West, and in some parts of the Higlands and Isles.

Last year, Mr Maudling, President of the

Board of Trade, told a deputation from the Scottish General Council of Trade Unions that industrialists and their wives did not want to settle in Scotland as they considered it 'a drab and dreary place'. That Presbyterianism has contributed a good deal to this impression cannot be denied. No national church can prosper and grow if its traditions make no general appeal to the young, the well-to-do classes and the workers, and it is precisely in these sections that the kirk is slipping in Scotland. Its membership is largely in the middle classes – prosperous shopkeepers and professional people such as lawyers, doctors and teachers. The Episcopal Church has the upper class in its grip while Rome makes sure strides among the workers of Glasgow and the West. Ground between these upper and nether millstones, can the Kirk survive as Scotland's dominant religion?

The Law

The Lord Chief on Hanging

C. H. ROLPH *writes*: In the Lords debate on the Criminal Justice Bill last Monday, the Lord Chief Justice voted against raising the minimum age for the death penalty from 18 to 21, but only, it seemed, on the ground that 'this is not the time for it, because the whole matter must be debated within the very near future'. Lord Parker was making what seemed to amount to his first public declaration in favour of abolishing the death penalty and confirming what has long been understood – that his support would depend on the abolition, also, of the so-called 'life-sentence'. When the death penalty goes, he argued, a life sentence must 'approximate more to life', not involve 'a mere average of nine years'; and it must be fixed personally by the judge who tries the case.

The nine-year average is arrived at by the inclusion of all the mercy killings, the unsuccessful suicide pacts, the near-infanticides and similar tragedies which no-one, presumably, would consider deserving of 20 or 30-year sentences. Nevertheless Lord Parker's position is a logical reaction against the growing power of the executive to determine the conditions, and even in effect the length, of nominally heavy sentences. Upheld by the Court of Criminal Appeal in his 25-year sentence on the Russian spy, Lonsdale, the Lord Chief Justice seems to be consolidating a position from which the death penalty might be abolished with powerful and conclusive judicial approval.

He is strangely less liberal, however, on corporal punishment. Their Lordships' decisive rejection, the next day, of Lord Ferrers's muddled amendment to restore caning and birching for 'a crime of violence for whatever purpose committed' (Lord Denning called it a 'hopeless endeavour') must have dashed the hopes of the floggers just as Sir Thomas Moore's 'anti-violence campaign' was getting itself organised. But by far the most important development was the government's favourable reception of Lord Longford's proposal about non-residential training centres for offenders between 14 and 21, a better version of the successful scheme now in operation at Boston, Mass. If, as Lord Hailsham seemed to fear, this cannot be worked out in time for detailed inclusion in the present bill, it ought to be made possible by subsequent Order in Council. All in all, then, this was a highly satisfactory week for the parliamentary advocates of progressive policies in penal matters.

Fleet Street

As Others See Us

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* It is a salutary experience that every Fleet Street man should indulge to get away from it all periodically. The delights of a British holiday are no good for this purpose, since the morning papers flop on the mat just as early as they do in London; far, far away (and preferably at sea in a foreign ship that does not listen even to the BBC news) is the ideal.

In the past month I have spent only five days in London, the rest of the time being occupied by a tour of the Central African Federation and a cruise in the Greek islands. In Rhodesia the papers have solid *Yorkshire Post*-ish qualities which compensated for the fact that only the national Sundays are brought in from Britain by air – at 2s 6d a go; but in the Greek islands the myriad small papers (with excellent four-colour printing which should shame either Fleet Street managements or the trade unions that hold up progress) are in Greek, and the two English-language dailies published in Athens are pitiably inadequate even for the American tourists they largely cater for.

My Sabbatical had two advantages. One, it enabled me to contemplate the newspaper profession; two, I was able to escape, until I got home, the embarrassment of many of the reviews of *Headlines all my Life*. Second things first. The most devastating review was in the NEW STATESMAN, to which I have had the honour to contribute during the absence in the US of Professor Francis Williams – who is, I see, in trouble again with the *Express* for intervening in the Cuban messpot. I am not sure that I understand all Richard Hoggart's comments (and that would have brought his review under my editorial lash), but I got enough of it to know that he was trying to make yoghourt of me. By comparison Brian Inglis in the *Spectator* was almost friendly. But fair enough – since both reviewers took my influence for good or ill on newspapers seriously; they shall have a more detached, less personal book to review later on.

For the historic record one review needs to be corrected. Sol Chandler, a former managing editor of the *Express*, accused me of lying about the night the Burgess and Maclean story broke. Chandler declared that, in my absence, he wrote and put into the ten o'clock edition the first news of the disappearance of the diplomats. Now of course memory can play many tricks, but the bound volumes of the paper cannot. The B & M story was not in the ten o'clock edition, nor in the next edition. It was not the splash-story even in the third edition, for it was not until the fourth edition, which went to press long after midnight, that I had the courage to go all out on the story.

And now to the Greek islands. With no British newspapers available, the passengers on my ship inevitably talked about – newspapers. To me it was astonishing that the 'populars' aroused so much abuse and active mistrust, even though they were eagerly bought at the more important ports. If the passengers did not get down to detail as Cecil King did the other day at the Washington Press Club – '. . . the average American newspaper consists of acres of soggy verbiage, cubic miles of repetitiveness' (hear, hear!) –

ANGOLA
"... TO SAFEGUARD THE FREEDOM, COMMON HERITAGE AND CIVILISATION OF THEIR PEOPLES, FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND THE RULE OF LAW"
—NATO

they knew what they *didn't* like. The Beaver and I are sturdy defenders of the kind of newspaper we produced together; but I had a lot of explaining to do and also had to undergo a merciless grilling from a well-groomed lady of the left who thought it must be awful to go through life as 'Beaverbrook's mouthpiece'. My answer, that there would have been no complaint if I had been a Michael Foot to Aneurin Bevan instead of a Christiansen to the Beaver, cut no ice; the mere fact that two men of the right can work together to put over a policy and make a profit seemed to her immoral. Incidentally Michael Foot has had no more success with his policies than the Beaver, and no profits from *Tribune* either!

What has gone wrong with the confidence in which the public once held the press? Hoggart and Inglis blame me, but I declare that there are other factors than big headlines (much bigger than in my day) and over-concentration on entertainment and trivia. Changes must come in matter as well as in presentation. With longer schooling and the stimulus of TV's more serious programmes, the interests of readers are becoming more serious. There will always be 'popular' papers, but the popular paper that recruits better educated men to stop the half-truths and the downright clangers that occur to-day will revolutionise the Street. And in case the 'serious' nationals are feeling smug because their circulations are rising, let it be said that *The Times* and the *Telegraph*, content with a hotch-potch of tradition that masquerades as style, have long ceased to make any new contribution to journalism – technical or otherwise.

Cuba's Road to Communism

K. S. KAROL

I arrived in Havana a few days after the abortive invasion of 17 April and just before the great May Day parade, in the course of which Castro proclaimed the Socialist Republic of Cuba. The city was still in military turmoil and even the most superficial inquiries established that the attempt to overthrow Castro had left him stronger than ever. The accounts of imaginary battles, which filled the US press, merely raised chuckles in Havana and finally completed the demolition of American prestige. The 1,200 wretched prisoners from the 'expeditionary corps' were still grouped in the Sports Stadium and details of their records covered pages of the local papers. What a gift it was to Castro to send Calvino, one of Batista's hatchet-men, on a 'liberating expedition' to the island! It was as if Eichmann or Borman were to be sent to free East Germany.

But if everyone, including foreign diplomats in Cuba, agrees about the effects of the invasion, there is much argument about the proclamation of Socialism in Cuba. To put it mildly, Castro's announcement was unexpected; nothing had been done to prepare public opinion, either in Cuba or abroad. It's not much use asking ordinary Cubans what they think about it. As you might expect, most of them say they trust Fidel, and that if he has decided that the revolution is Socialist – well, he should know better than anyone else.

Fortunately, I was able to debate this point with the men at the top: Castro himself, Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, the chief theoretician of the regime, and Osvaldo Dorticos, the President. Castro is what you might call a mobile prime minister. He travels incessantly through the island and is never where you expect him to be. He sees a good many people, but rarely makes appointments. He enjoys unexpected meetings. I was lucky enough to catch him one night. He repeated to me his belief that the US would commit suicide if the marines were sent to invade Cuba, adding, however, that it would cause him no pleasure if America committed suicide on his behalf. Then I asked him: 'Why have you defined your revolution as Socialist?' He replied:

> The 26 July movement had as its slogan 'government of the humble, by the humble, for the humble'. To fulfil our promise, we nationalised the big imperialist industries, we confiscated industries owned by rich Cubans, we carried through the land reforms . . . All these were Socialist measures. In the past, the word Socialist was a bad word in Cuba. I know Cuban peasants who, when asked the question 'Are you in favour of land reform?', reply 'Yes'. When asked 'Are you for revolutionary reforms?', they reply 'Yes'. But when I ask them 'Are you Socialists?', they say 'No'. This is the consequences of the confusion of ideas created by the imperialists. But now we are no longer afraid of words. We have made a Socialist revolution and we are going to call it by its proper name.

It would seem to follow from this that Castro was determined from the beginning to give the revolution a Socialist framework and was simply waiting for the right psychological moment to make this public. But he contradicted this by his reply to another question I put to him about his Lenin Prize. He admitted that he had changed his views since he came to power and had learnt a good deal from his experiences in carrying through a revolution. He told me:

> Every day, my admiration for Lenin grows. The more I know about his work and his life and above all the more I understand the revolution, the more I admire Lenin. Only now can I grasp the difficulties Lenin had to overcome and the magnitude of the heritage he bequeathed humanity. When I see a Soviet oil-tanker, I think of Lenin. When I see a Soviet tractor, I think of Lenin. Whenever we get anything from the Soviet Union, I feel gratitude to Lenin.

Castro explained to me that he had already read Lenin while he was still a student. Then he added:

> I swear to you: it's not the same thing to read Lenin in peace-time as to read him during a revolution. I also read again, very recently, John Reed's book, *Ten Days Which Shook the World*. I can assure you that all these books have quite a different flavour for me today than what they once had. It's not the same thing to talk about revolution in theory – and actually to carry one out oneself.

But having said this, Castro continued to stress that the Cuban revolution is very different from the Bolshevik seizure of power in October 1917, and that it would continue to be entirely original. At the same time, his colleagues were beginning to realise that history had an implacable logic of its own, that nothing happened by chance, neither the initial hostility of the US, nor the recent attempt to smash the revolution by force. Castro merely hinted at this Marxist view of history; I got a much firmer and fuller *exposé* from 'Che' Guevara.

'Che' is the opposite of Castro. He rarely leaves his office at the Ministry of Industry. He eats and sleeps there – lives there, in fact, with his wife, who is also his secretary. His days are highly organised and he is punctilious in keeping appointments. It's said that he forms the complement to Castro and that together they constitute the hard core of the revolution. 'Che' has no fear of words; he is voluble, even eloquent. He told me straight off: 'We are not the same men we were when we fought in the Sierra Maestra. I have always been a student of Marx. But now I realise that Marxism is not simply a doctrine – it is a science.'

After this very positive beginning, 'Che' explained to me that history offers little alternative to revolution. If a new regime attacks the capitalist structure of a country, it must invariably and necessarily progress towards Socialism. Did he therefore wish to copy the Soviet Union, I asked – adding that I was disturbed by seeing in Cuba vast numbers of Soviet books and films, which did not always present the best introduction to Marxist thought. But Guevara is an expert dialectician and had his answer pat:

> There is no danger that we shall simply copy the Soviet Union slavishly, or that we shall slide towards what you call Stalinist totalitarianism, for the good reason that the conditions which exist in Cuba are not the same as those in Stalin's Russia. Stalinism was a historical phenomenon provoked by the capitalist encirclement of the USSR and by the consequent necessity to create, by its own unaided efforts, the basic industries required for its economic development and defence. Our situation is quite different. We do not need to make such sacrifices to industrialise because we can get all we want from the other Socialist countries. For us, industrialisation is a good thing which will bring immediate benefits to the population and which will enable us to liquidate unemployment, the chronic scourge of all Latin-America. In addition, we have no agricultural problems. The creation of cooperatives has not only aroused no resistance: it is one of our most popular revolutionary measures.

'Che' nevertheless went on to admit that every revolution has an element of Stalinism – not by design, but in consequence of the opposition which it arouses in the capitalist world. Cuba, too, was a besieged fortress, which must defend itself. Experience had already proved it. In such a country, one could not be a liberal humanist or tolerate the free discussion of ideas. He added:

> We need leaders. We have taken young children from the elementary schools and sent them to secondary schools. We have taken the secondary school children and sent them straight away to university. We need as soon as possible the greatest possible number of men capable of administering the new industries and building Socialism. Our friends in eastern Europe are obviously the best people to help us to train these men, because they've had the experience.

I said to 'Che' that this 'socialisation' constituted a deliberate challenge to the US. He burst into laughter and said:

> Don't be naive. The Americans hate us not because of our intentions but because we threaten their economic interests and because our revolution is a dangerous example for all Latin-America. The land reform has doubled our agricultural production. Very shortly, our industrialisation programme will end unemployment in Cuba. Nothing like this has ever happened in the entire history of Latin-America – and this is our crime in US eyes. No matter how many conciliatory gestures we make – and there've been many of them – the United States will still want to smash us because we have shown the way to the rest of Latin-America.

I left Guevara with the impression that the

choice had already been made. He sees Cuba's only chance of survival under the aegis of Russia. He is very sceptical about any possibility of a reconciliation with the US; indeed, he even thinks that neutralism is ruled out. I should guess that for him, far more than for Castro, the invasion proved that the revolution in Cuba can follow only one path. But this view is not shared by all the men at the top. President Dorticos, for instance, told me that the proclamation of the Socialist republic had changed nothing; it should even, he said, reassure the Americans. 'They call us Communists anyway. Now that we say we're simply Socialists, they should be happy', he joked. But he insisted that Cuba wanted to be friendly with all countries, whatever their regimes, provided only they treated her on an equal footing. He also insisted that Cuba would retain a mixed economy.

From these conversations, it is plain that the Cuban leaders have gone much further than they planned in the Sierra Maestra. Today, they are determined to carry through their revolution and at the same time impelled to do by the invasion. They fear that another is on the way, and their minds have to some extent been shaped by this peril. Hence they are more and more attracted by the example of the 'Soviet Fortress', and they believe also that Russia is their surest protector.

On the other hand, I noticed that the Soviet delegation at the May Day parade was essentially a second eleven; Cuba is still waiting for her Migs, and, despite appearances, Soviet intellectual influence is still very superficial. So there still exists a chance to prove to Guevara that the logic of history is not so implacable as he thinks. I'm sure that he himself, as well as Castro and Dorticos, would be delighted if the Americans gave them a breathing space.

President Kennedy alone can say whether or not a popular revolution in Latin-America must necessarily be driven to Communism because of US hostility.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At a concert, my neighbour asked if her son could sit next to my daughter. 'It's just that I want him to know what nasty bits of work blondes are,' she explained afterwards. 'Then perhaps he'll have the sense to leave them alone when he grows up.' My daughter is a blonde. – Letter in *Weekend*. (K. E. Walton.)

Then one day the Queen herself came to see the Adams family. 'She came in,' recalled Mrs Adams, 'had a look around the house and then went upstairs and we chatted while she sat on the bed.'

They had no carpets on the floor then. But it was brightly polished and the dust that came from the royal party's shoes was gently brushed into a little box.

The box – and the dust – is now safe in the bottom drawer of Norah's dressing table! – *Evening News*. (K. H. Jones.)

To compensate for their disappointment when they missed Princess Alexandra on her visit, Aldridge schoolchildren will see a demonstration of police dog training. – *Birmingham Mail*. (P. Rogers.)

A nation-wide campaign to organise support for the return of flogging for crimes of violence has been launched this week-end. A new body, to be called the Anti-Violence League, aims to enrol five million members, with branches in every county and major town. – *Sunday Times*. (Reg. Winter.)

ALGERIAN HORROR

Recently we pleaded for one and a half million Algerian women, old men and children who had suffered by vicious treatment within Algeria itself, locked in Regroupment Camps.

We restrained our language with difficulty. We dared not publish the full facts as hope was strong that Peace would soon come and these unfortunates, locked away in what was little better than prison camps, would be free to return home. Today, it is even more necessary to be restrained, but we declare our horror and shame that so many innocent children have died under revolting circumstances which degrade our Western Way of Life.

Moved by compassion, people have written, phoned and called to ask if we can still get aid to these Regroupment Camps. Our three main channels of aid are desperate for help.

Approximately 175,000 children have died in Camps since 1958, 60% of inmates are children under 12 years of age. In 1959 182 children per 1,000 have died. Boys are sent out to search for unexploded mines—IF they come back they are fed.

Please don't delay. A few coppers may save a life. Please give generously. These poor persecuted people are as much your family as those within your walls.

> . . . near the border of Tunisia I stood and watched the great host of Algerian Refugees receiving food. My escort, a Swiss of great integrity, whose humanity balance and intelligence had greatly impressed me, said "These Refugees get rough food but it is a reasonable amount; children are now beginning to play, and that is a really good sign," After standing in silence he spoke again, "Sir, my thoughts are in Algeria itself. The poor souls in the Regroupment Camps—it would appear that it is desired for one million to die." I dared not question him. I knew the truth.

Extract from Report by Frank Harcourt-Munning, Administrator, War on Want Mission to Tunisia, December, 1960.

WITHOUT DEDUCTION YOUR GIFT WILL BE FORWARDED

Please send quickly to the Hon. Treasurer:—

The Rt. Hon. JAMES GRIFFITHS, P.C., M.P.

WAR ON WANT

9, MADELEY ROAD, EALING, W.5

Please cross your postal order or cheque "Algerian Appeal."

We still plead for the CONGO, and now refugees from ANGOLA cry for help

Reed
PAPER GROUP

Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Unlimited growth in paper markets

WHICH ARE THE COUNTRIES TO WATCH?

AUSTRALIA EXPECTS "50% increase in next 10 years!"

Mr. Ray Z. de Ferranti, Chairman of Reed Paper Products (Holdings) Ltd., says:

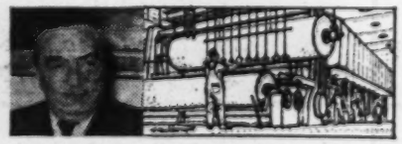
"Australia is a nation with an exploding population. About 7½ million in 1945, it has now reached 10½ million and, if present trends continue, in ten years' time will be nearly 13 million people. More than half of these will be under 30 years of age.

"To keep pace with the needs of this growing population, Australian manufacturing industry has spent more than £880 million on new equipment in the last 5 years.

"Growth has brought prosperity and high living standards. Australians have a personal disposable income of £352 compared with £293 in the United Kingdom.

"Figures tell only part of the story. There have been big changes in merchandising. The growth of Self Service Stores—they handle more than half of all grocery sales though they represent only 5 per cent of stores—has stimulated the presentation of consumer goods in colourful well designed packages. This has lifted paper sales. Australians are now using about 800,000 tons of paper and paper products a year. Over the next ten years consumption is expected to increase 40 to 50 per cent."

ITALY SAYS "Demand may double by 1970"



Dr. Luigi Bruno, President of La Centrale Finanziaria Generale S.p.A. of Milan, Italy's leading finance corporation, says:

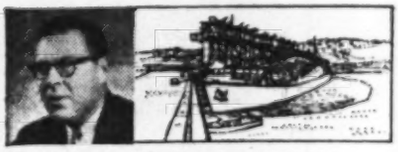
"In answer to the challenge of a market of 170 million people, brought about by the Common Market, Italian industrial output, although still at a lower level than that of the other member countries, is now making more rapid progress than the rest of 'The Six'.

"Largely because of the demand for industrial and consumer packaging, the Italian paper and board industry is growing at the rate of about 12 per cent each year.

"The Italian today uses on average only 60 lb. of paper and paper products compared with the average for the rest of the Common Market of about 140 lb. This emphasises the vast potential for the Italian paper industry, mainly in connection with the industrialization of the South which will bring about a further improvement of the standards of life for people living in those areas—together with a widening of business opportunity.

"It is to meet this demand—that may well be doubled in ten years—that we have jointly established SICAR with the Reed Paper Group to create a vertically integrated packaging organization."

CANADIAN OUTLOOK
"Huge market potential"



Mr. Bill Soles, President of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, says:

"Canada, supplying a strong and growing domestic market, is also the world's largest exporter of pulp and paper. It is, after the U.S.A., the second largest producer of these commodities. Abundant supplies of pulpwood and power, and proximity to the large U.S. market, have led to the development of an industry equipped with large modern plants and utilizing up-to-date techniques.

"In addition to a huge market potential in the highly developed economies of the North American continent, Canada is well placed to supply a major part of world requirements. This is particularly true of the Western hemisphere, where the Latin and South American markets are expected to mirror the vigorous growth experienced in Europe.

"In estimates recently prepared by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, it is anticipated that demand will double in these areas in the 20-year period, from 1955 to 1975. In total volume the increase in North and Latin America will be twice that in Western Europe. Our Company (which is part of the Reed Paper Group) serves all these markets, and plans to participate in their growth to the fullest possible extent."

BRITAIN STATES
"Britain's prospects are bright"

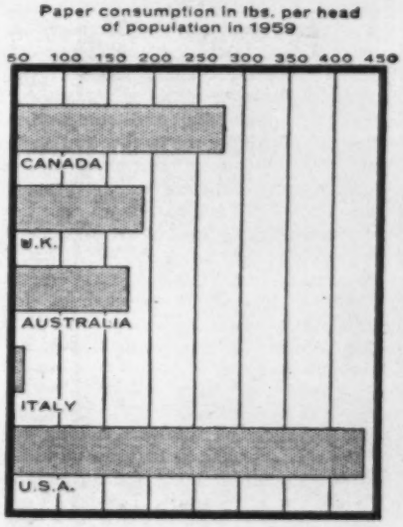
Mr. Hector G. Paul, Chief Executive and Director of the Paper and Board Division of the Reed Paper Group, comments:

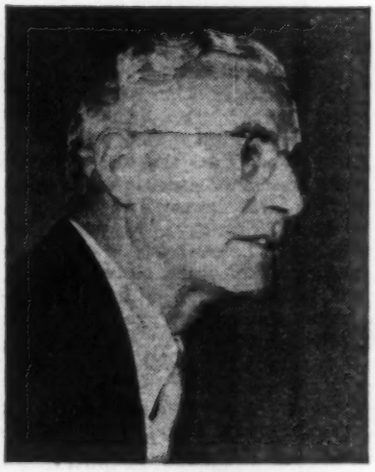
"Last year, on average, each of Britain's 52 million people used two cwt. of paper products. Demand today for paper and board is 96 per cent higher than 10 years ago. This rate of increase will be maintained and indicates a bright future.

"Last year the output of the British paper industry increased by 11 per cent as against only marginal rises in other industries. Increased demand for packaging by the clothing and food industries more than offset the temporary fall in demand by others—such as domestic electrical appliances.

"We are still a long way behind the U.S.A. average consumption of paper of nearly four cwt. per head—and this underlines the enormous potential in the U.K.

"The growth factors are tremendous. Even more paper is needed for commerce, industry and publications of all kinds. New packaging techniques are being developed, and the growing versatility of paper products ensures that this trend will continue in the coming years."





"NEARLY £30 MILLION INVESTED OVERSEAS—SO FAR"

says Mr. Philip G. Walker, Managing Director of the Reed Paper Group.

"The Reed Group is already anticipating a surge in demand for paper, board and packaging products over the next ten years as forecast by our experts—for instance 50% in Australia, 25% in Canada and 100% in Italy.

"In Australia we are one of the leading makers of packaging products.

"Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Limited, valued at $65 million (approximately £24 million), is one of the largest pulp and paper manufacturers in Canada, most of its products being exported to the U.S.A.

"In Italy we are in partnership with La Centrale one of Italy's most progressive organizations. There, in addition to our paper and board converting activities, we are building a carton board mill.

"With our partners Sande Tresliperi A/S in Norway we are already well advanced in the construction of a £2½ million pulp and paper mill for the production of corrugating material.

"In our overseas partnerships, we add our technical, research and production experience to our associates' invaluable knowledge of local markets.

"All these overseas interests, apart from their own intrinsic value, give the Reed Paper Group a basis on which to grow in each of the main trading areas of the Free World—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the Common Market and the European Free Trade Area.

"They represent so far a total overseas investment approaching £30 million."

REED PAPER GROUP

A world-wide partnership
producing pulp, paper, board and packaging.

Scandinavian Diary

CRITIC

Lacking the attractions of murder, rape and sudden death, Norway and Sweden, where I spent last week, naturally fail to qualify for newspaper space along with such relatively backward areas as Laos, America, Angola, the USSR, the Congo, Cuba and Britain. Only the Nato Conference at Oslo has received small headlines; war, or the possibility of war, is, like women, always news; peace, like men, needs some special adornment. Civilisation might almost be defined as unnewsworthiness, which is one reason why I find these northern countries so particularly pleasant. The absence of sharp class conflict; a generally dispersed well-being; under-population and comparatively little noise – these are the factors that make a country agreeable. They tell me you can find juke boxes in Stockholm. I managed to avoid them. This was more difficult in Latin America, which is probably the noisiest part of the world. I told them in Cuba that juke boxes are a counter-revolutionary weapon designed to prevent the proletariat from thinking. But what with the loud-spoken propaganda and the canned music, I doubt if they could hear me.

* * *

I spent almost all the week talking night and day with students in Bergen and in four Swedish universities. Lund and Uppsala are lovely old university towns. I was constantly reminded of what Cambridge would be like if it wasn't overcrowded. I hadn't realised before how completely autonomous Students' Associations are in Scandinavia. University instruction is free, but most students have to pay for their living expenses and contribute to the magnificent Student Houses, and the continuous programme of student activity. The government is ready to help with generous loans. The officers of the Students' Associations are, in effect, important public officials who treat directly with the government. The university's function is to provide professors and examinations. The students have their own Ombudsmen – and Ombudswomen. One student, who was on the committee making up next year's programme, told me that they had £1,000 to spend on the expenses (they don't pay fees) of speakers invited for next year. They themselves play the host for foreign students. An Indian I disturbed while making curry in his room was full of praise for the university, but found the formalities of student life strange after the general mix-up of his Indian college. Each student has a good bed-sitting room, and the men's and women's rooms may be adjacent.

British university discipline, the rules which separate the sexes and regulate the hours at which students may stay out at night or entertain members of the other sex, seem to Scandinavians just medieval relics. Though promiscuity is frowned on, any young man or woman who hasn't a lover is thought to be somewhat odd. A quarter of the students are married; usually both continue their studies, in a hostel with more accommodation. It is commonly said that the first child is usually a seven-month child. No stigma attaches. This code of conduct is more sensible and less hypocritical than ours.

Both Norway and Sweden are intensely interested in the split in the British Labour Party and in the problem of nuclear weapons. In Norway the parties agree about being members of Nato, but there is strong opposition to any idea of allowing nuclear weapons on their shores. In neutral Sweden, where the Social Democrats have been in power for 29 years, an argument has been going on about the wisdom of the independent nuclear deterrent. The Prime Minister has said that the majority of his party are against it, and a decision has been made to postpone further controversy until more nuclear research has been done. Some (they often wear CND badges) say it is dangerous to wait because, when it is possible to have nuclear bombs, the pass may already have been sold. Others say: 'Don't worry because in a few years time they will be out of date.' In high places in Stockholm I met the usual fallacy about the CND. It is assumed that its policy is to ask the West as a whole to give up nuclear weapons even if the Russians do not. I had to explain that CND's policy is British; we hope that by renouncing our own deterrent, we may break the deadlock between America and Russia and give a lead to all sensible countries to keep outside the suicide club. Asked about the row in the Labour Party I explained that it was hopeless to think that unity could be achieved by a Gaitskell triumph; at most it would be a pyrrhic victory. Unhappily, a Stockholm paper, omitting to say anything about a possible compromise, reported me as saying that the position of the Labour Party was 'hopeless'. This is not my view.

* * *

Many young Swedes believe that neutrality increases their opportunity of playing a worthy part in the world. The Peace Corps idea, which seems so unreal when coupled with the present US foreign policy, has a special appeal to them. It is not enough to contribute one per cent of the national income. The question is where and how service can best be offered; it must be based on intimate knowledge of the language, customs and real needs of people whose work and resources have been so long exploited for our advantage. The Socialist idea involves promoting economic and social revolution in undeveloped countries.

* * *

It is often said here that the suicide rate in Sweden is the biggest in the world, and an argument is based on this to prove that the welfare state becomes intolerably boring. There are two decisive objections to this theory. One is that the Swedish suicide rate is in fact seventh on the list, lying between the Swiss and the British rate. Secondly, that one reason why figures for Scandinavian countries are on the high side may be that suicide is not rated as either sinful or criminal; the statistics are therefore likely to be more reliable than those quoted for England, for instance, where coroners try, as far as possible, to spare the feelings of relatives by treating probable suicides as accidental. The attitude of the British courts to attempted suicide has always seemed to me odd. I recall particularly a magistrate who, confronted with a man who had for a second time tried to kill himself, said, in grave reproach: 'I did hope that after the last time you would *try to go straight.*'

CHARON
is on two weeks holiday

One question they asked me was whether people in England still regarded scientific tests of alcoholism as unreliable, and if it can be really true that people here argue that it is an interference with the liberty of the subject to test whether drivers are 'under the influence' or not. In both Norway and Sweden the rule that if you drive you don't drink, and if you drink you don't drive, is universally accepted. You may be picked up and tested without having an accident at all; and, if you have drunk more than one weak beer, you go to gaol and lose your licence for a year.

In Norway they told me that these stiff penalties were automatic; in Sweden that you might only be punished by a fine the first time, with jail and loss of licence to follow if you did it again. At every lunch, dinner or party I attended, the person who was going to drive refused even one schnapps or a single glass of strong beer. The system seems to work well. The certainly effective penalty is the loss of a licence, which, fantastically, is still not automatically imposed for alcoholic driving in Britain. About the prison sentence I am not so sure. I came across a case in Stockholm of a man who had had a rewarding experience in a labour camp; for a month he had chopped wood in excellent company. He made such good contacts and had such good meals in a sort of 'We-have-been-to-prison' club afterwards, that his business flourished better than ever!

* * *

I never had so many Springs before. The crocuses were out in February when I left for the Caribbean. In Jamaica and Cuba the weather was perfect. In New York the sun was shining but the countryside was still grey and scraped bare after the snow. In Toronto we only just made the airport after a blizzard. Back in England the daffodils were still dancing. In Marakesh, where I found myself on an unexpected week's holiday, the oleanders were coming out to keep company with the staggering riot of bougainvillaea, hibiscus, jacaranda and geranium. A few days later I reached Bergen – one of my favourite towns – in time for the wonder of the northern spring which comes in a burst when the ice has broken. In the market by the harbour where the little boats gaily jostle, people were buying pansies and irises and rose trees and most of the flowers we associate with English gardens. 'They will flower all the winter in this wet-warm climate', a Norwegian remarked to me as he carried off a rhododendron bush. In Sweden the blossom was in flood and in the Royal Gardens of Stockholm, where they ski in the winter, we picked cowslips and violets. Back again in England the hawthorn was out and the wild parsley in the lane showed that summer had already begun. As they said to me in the village, 'Going away does make a change, doesn't it?'

* * *

Personal. Critic has been keeping a diary for 30 years and he has received many letters from more or less (usually less) important persons, much of it dealing with occasions on which he was not asked to speak on the BBC or to become a director of a national corporation. He does not wish to embarrass himself or expose his correspondents by publishing any of this material. It amounts to some five million words. Would some library, trust, publisher or collector give him some kindly advice about the best way of disposing of this collection?

"Wagon Train" sets out from here ...1000 feet up on airy steel tracery

Higher than any steeple, piercing the clouds, a giddy trellis of steel, poised above the fields and farms of Suffolk. Radiating programmes like Wagon Train, Jango, The Army Game, across five counties. This steel television tower, looking tentative, frail almost, is strong enough to withstand 100 miles an hour gales. Its 140 tons is held in position by a single steel ball only 2 inches in diameter and weighing approximately 20 ounces.

THIS IS THE STEEL AGE

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

The Fading Image

J. B. PRIESTLEY

From time to time I have been allowed to make a kind of report here on the CND and the anti-nuclear movement generally, and I feel now that I ought to come up with a few more notes and observations. They will be entirely personal. I no longer hold any position in the Campaign, and there is no executive committee behind any statement I make here.

Remembering our original executive committee, I am puzzled by the lofty, condescending tone of many of our opponents, as if they were rather tactless teachers of an infant class. It never struck me that my colleagues were intellectually inferior to the average member of parliament or leader-writer. They seemed to me to have given at least as much thought to the subject of nuclear arms as the people who told us not to be so emotional and irresponsible. And some arguments we have put forward have yet to be answered, unless of course misrepresentation and abuse are accepted as answers.

They might well be. Politicians, experts and editors will behave like cornered wild cats rather than admit they have been wrong. It is precisely those men who are sufficiently intelligent to realise they have been wrong, who know in their heart of hearts they have landed us in a mess, who are gnawed by feelings of guilt, who scream and scratch the most, blindly trying to claw their way out of the hole in which they find themselves. Our whole civilisation and the very grass and the trees could be a sacrifice to 50 men's obstinate vanity.

All the experts know a great deal more than I do about foreign and military affairs and world power politics. Their fatal weakness is that they try to deal rationally, on historical lines, with situations that are fundamentally irrational. Russia and America are not even playing power politics in the old way. They are locked in a messianic combat. And each projects upon the other whatever is felt to be evil. To add nuclear arms to this struggle is like handing to two drunken roaring giants, shaking the house, gunpowder and petrol and matches. The arms themselves, to which embittered exiles have made so great a contribution, are probably the expression of a death-wish, of an unconscious desire to see the whole God-damned thing go up in flames.

It is curious how many people write and talk now as if the nuclear deterrent were a Russian invention. But it was the West which first adopted a plan that seems to some of us morally indefensible, enlarging to the utmost limits the hostage system that civilised society has always condemned, putting the maximum number of the innocent in jeopardy, all in the name of freedom and democracy. And it is the West, far more than Russia, that has suffered from this decision. We have denied our own values.

The opponents of CND have worked hard to convince people that it is filled with crypto-Communists, fellow-travellers and pacifists as soft as poached eggs. Well, a rough-and-ready mass movement gathers all manner of supporters, probably including some who simply enjoy carrying a banner and demonstrating. (Even so, Ban-The-Bomb young people offer a pleasanter spectacle than elderly men and women yelling for more hanging, flogging and lashing.) It is a fact however that those of us who were originally responsible for the Campaign had only one object, to rid ourselves of nuclear arms, multilaterally if possible, unilaterally here if need be. Our movement was exactly what it is claimed to be – a Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Now, it seems, everybody except a few lunatics is in favour of nuclear disarmament. When this announcement comes from a high level, it is in fact a reply to the CND challenge. Nobody important would have bothered to commit himself four years ago. Let the crackpots mind their own business. This remarkable change of climate is the work of a movement that from the first had a deliberate boycott to face, that never had the money to advertise itself properly, that could not employ a staff of publicity experts, that had to be run sketchily by men and women already overworked by commitments of their own. The final irony is that we are often described as a bunch of British eccentrics by newspaper correspondents, reporting back to countries where in fact similar movements have far more money to spend than we have ever had.

I don't know whether these correspondents write out of ignorance or impudence. But I do know that I have said exactly what I thought about the nuclear deterrent, either on television or on platforms, to people in seven different countries outside Britain; and when I have had an audience in front of me the response has been even warmer than it is here, where many people behave as if the Bomb were their favourite cousin. A growing suspicion of and alarm at the whole nuclear set-up is not a British eccentricity. It can now be found in many different parts of the world.

Possibly not in Baton Rouge, where a Mr Corrington, of the Louisiana State University, wrote to *The Times* bidding us stand up like men for the concept of freedom. But that is exactly what we are trying to do. He was unwise to bring into his argument our common ancestors. If their rulers had got them into the kind of mess we are in now, our ancestors would have kicked them out. Not suffering from a collective neurosis, they would never have tamely submitted to being the victims of such blundering and hysterical folly. In the very name of that human liberty which Mr Corrington and his sort invoke, our ancestors would have hooted and stoned any statesman who even proposed turning them into helpless hostages.

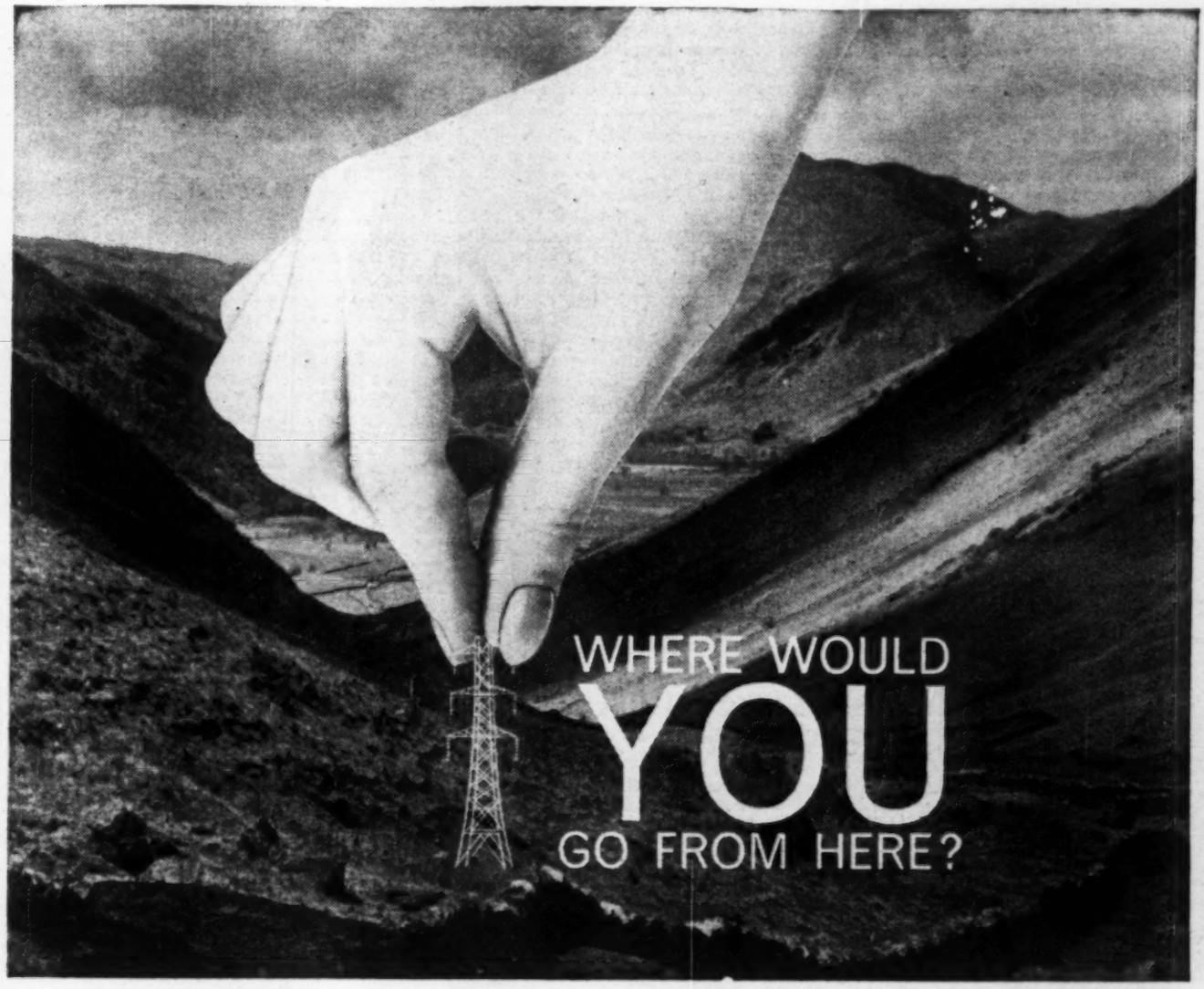
It will be objected – and I can hear the triumphant sneers – that we have not been making these anti-nuclear speeches in Russia. Here I can only answer for myself. I have no doubt that within the next three months I could if I wished tell a Russian audience exactly what I have told audiences elsewhere. Why then have I not returned to Russia, after an absence of more than 15 years? It is not chiefly the language difficulty, though that exists, for I do not speak Russian. (There are some mornings here when I wonder if I still speak English.) The real reason is that I know that these very same people would accept a visit to Russia as proof positive that we have been fellow-travelling all the time. With these people, you can't win. Deep down they want the Bomb, they love it.

Ever since Scarborough we have been surrounded and almost deafened by multilateralists, as they now call themselves. They want to get rid of nuclear arms too – certainly, certainly, certainly. They are all so keen now that I wonder what they were doing before the CND started making a noise – sleepwalking? And when does this disarming begin? The arming still goes on, with plans for more delicious devices extending to 1970. If the air is clearing, I haven't noticed it. The nuclear war that was unthinkable a few years ago is now quite thinkable among America's lunatic experts. Soon it may appear to be inevitable, as I believe it does to many of the youngsters denounced by magistrates, defenders of the deterrent to a man, for their anti-social violence. Just as wickedly short-sighted as the adoption of the deterrent is the belief, apparently common to politicians of all parties, that the existence of nuclear arms has no psychological effect upon the young. I don't know about Russia, not having been there for years, but they have played the devil with the West. Ours is now a thoroughly corrupt society.

This is what Labour landed itself with when it accepted the Bomb, cutting the roots of its traditional optimism and decency. Now it has to build with rotten wood. Not being a member of the party – though I have often been told by Tories that I am – I cannot criticise it from the inside. On the other hand, I grew up with the Labour movement and was writing little pieces for it nearly half a century ago. Conditions are very different now of course, but the fundamental character of a broad political movement, its inner nature, should not change if it is to keep its vitality. If it loses the heart and hope with which it began, it becomes simply another organisation, a job-vending machine. And if I were a Labour leader who found myself being praised every other day in the Tory press for the sensible line I was taking, I think I would ask myself what had gone wrong.

Unilateralists have been blamed, by both the Tories and the Labour right wing, for the present disunity in the party. It has even been hinted that there is design here, possibly of Communist origin. My own view, for what it is worth, is that Labour faces disunity simply because it lacks any uniting purpose, hope and vision. This it must have to exist at all as a political force, unlike the Tory party, which is there to keep in power, to resist and denounce all radical tendencies, and to reward the contributors. If the nuclear issue had not caused a split in Labour ranks, something else would have done it. The centripetal force is wanting. And the party is not big enough to swallow the Establishment and not brave enough to defy it. This would still be the situation even if unilateralism had never existed.

Nevertheless, on this nuclear issue Labour has been badly led. Having made the mistake of accepting the deterrent, its leaders then made the further mistake of rejecting the protest against the deterrent. By the end of February 1958 it ought to have been obvious to any politician here that something extraordinary was happening, that through a sudden crack in public apathy a new excitement and enthusiasm were flaming. Official Labour ignored the phenomenon, I fancy, not because its leaders are stupid or too conceited, but because they are now too professional, like doctors who cannot be bothered with quacks. But this narrow view belongs to the right, not the left. Once accept it and you are a Shadow Cabinet for ever. Labour's one smashing victory, that of 1945, was not won by professionals and the machine but by amateurs. The more enthusiastic and articulate types, who convince others in thousands of workshops and offices, swung to the left. Labour-



Suppose for a moment that you are a wayleave officer working for the Central Electricity Generating Board. Your job is to plot a line bringing new power to an expanding town in the valley over the hill. Where do you go from here? The easiest and cheapest way would be up and across the crest of the hill. But the people in the valley (and the people visiting the valley) will take rather a poor view of that. By-pass the ridge and march down the valley itself? That would involve a three-mile detour, extra expense, and some unsightly angle towers. Bury the cables underground? An attractive idea but an impossibly expensive one, which could raise installation costs 17 times—with inevitable repercussions on the cost of electricity. There is no easy solution. But one must and will be found . . . one that fulfils the double duty which, by Act of Parliament, rests on the CEGB: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while doing everything possible to preserve the natural amenities of the countryside. Please think of this next time you grumble at the towers: they are being carefully planned by men who value the countryside as much as you do.

CEGB

the people who make your power in 234 stations and distribute it through the 6677 miles of the National Grid

Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to
The Central Electricity Generating Board, 58 Winsley Street, London, W.1

rejecting-the-Bomb might have lost some routine supporters. But it would not be making speeches every week end explaining how really united it was. It would not be fighting and fighting and fighting itself. It would be making Tory ministers feel it would be nice to have a rest.

Given a quarter of the money, organisation, machinery of publicity and persuasion that Transport House has at its command, the anti-nuclear movement could not only have presented a solid opposing front to the Tories, it could have made Britain the rallying point of sane world opinion. Asia and Africa would be accepting our leadership now. For two years we were told that we must have the deterrent because of our prestige. Where is our prestige? Now we are told we must be multilateral – that is, do nothing until other people come out of their collective neuroses. Meanwhile, in the world of nuclear arms, we are Sitting Duck Number One. This is whimsically called defence.

I have never had a personal invitation to sit on the pavement, waiting to be carried to a police van. Possibly I am too fat and heavy, endangering the patience of constables working overtime. It is also true, however, that I do not believe minorities should take this kind of action. But after three years campaigning I can understand why some people prefer this method of attracting attention to themselves. If you put a reasoned case to a large audience, as John Collins, Michael Foot and Alan Taylor did in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, the other week, you are not news – though any politician talking to 50 people in Coketown may be given half a column – so in despair you have to sit on the pavement.

This censorship, all the more effective because it is not official and cannot be challenged, is presumably part of the freedom we are supposed to be defending. Nobody outside the campaign has ever protested against it. When I wrote in these columns, some time ago, that people were being victimised because of their connection with the CND, not a single inquiry reached me. All those passionate lovers of freedom, so eager to denounce any nuclear protest, remained silent. This is not good. It is part of a general decline, of that negativism, that lack of purpose, will and creative energy, which even Tory ministers are dimly aware of when they talk about exports.

Sometimes, when it rains and I hobble grumpily to the nearest armchair, I feel that by the time Hugh Gaitskell and his friends win the country, it may not be worth having. We British no longer have any bright image of ourselves. And perhaps, among other things, we went campaigning for that image.

My Life in Market Research

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The other day, at a conference of an organisation to which I am peripherally attached, the question of an economic survey was raised. Asked for my opinion, I could only say that my faith in market research had been lost, together with my own innocence, irretrievably, many years ago. I wonder now whether the circumstances may not be worth recalling.

I had just come down from Oxford with the slight disadvantage, career-wise, of no degree. This, in spite of the acceptance by Dr Fagan of Llannabba College of Paul Pennyfeather – an 'education-discontinued' post – in *Decline and Fall*, was a handicap when applying for teaching jobs. I did suggest to the headmaster of one progressive school that he would be able to announce in his magazine: 'This term we have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr Maurice Richardson as assistant master. Mr Richardson is a failed BA'. He was sympathetic, but eventually declined.

I was an assistant in the film-booking department of Gaumont British for ten days; a reporter, on space, for the *Daily Express*, from which I was fired, quite understandably, for neglecting to ascertain Lord Beaverbrook's views on the 20-ton truck; and a sub-editor on the staff of the 14th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In this last happy post I did, to a considerable extent, find myself. I even helped to cover up for a militant colleague who insisted on changing all references to 'Riot' or 'Disturbance' in the article on Amritsar to 'Massacre'.

I was also a spectator of the famous entry (he used to make one approximately every six months) into the private office of J. L. Garvin, editor-in-chief at a salary of £6,000 a year. This was the famous occasion when it was discovered that Raymond Postgate, the chief editorial officer in the premises at Imperial House, Regent Street, had fainted and subsided under the table, stunned, it then seemed, by Garvin's frenetic eloquence.

It was then suggested to me by an extremely nice man, E. Ibbetson James, now, alas, no longer with us, that I might care to work for an inquiry into the London Retail and Wholesale Butter Market which he had been asked, by high-up friends in the civil service, to undertake on behalf of the Empire Marketing Board. It was understood that my territory should be the Metropolis. I accepted, was interviewed by an immensely tall civil servant and taken on at a salary of approximately £7 10s per week, plus some rather minute expenses. A friend of mine from Oxford, I will call him G, was allotted the Midland.

G was in those days the son of a rich indulgent father who paid him a large allowance provided that he was employed in some reputable work or substitute for work. He outlined to me his plan for investigating the butter market of the Midlands. He proposed to employ a post-graduate student from Birmingham University at £5 per week. This would leave him with approximately £2 10s in hand, plus his handsome allowance, to carry on his drone's life in London as before. I could not afford such luxury as this, being entirely dependent on my earnings. I set off on my investigations loaded with a block of tabulated forms.

I soon found that the business of asking retailers how much butter of which kinds they sold, and at what prices, was tedious in the extreme. My approach: 'Good morning. I am from the Empire Marketing Board. We are conducting...' used to congeal around my tongue. Only very occasionally did I elicit an original response. I once asked a small Celtic person why so many Welsh kept dairies. He answered smartly: 'Because, look you, mixing milk with water is the simplest form of cheating known to man.'

In general it was a pretty boring job. But I loved, then as always, London, and I could roam the Wen at will. Also, I very soon discovered that it was not necessary to investigate every single retailer. After a time, in my neo-adolescent irresponsibility, I developed the following method. I would work out my route in advance from a classified directory and write down in a notebook the names and addresses of the shops that would be likely to be selling butter. I would then get on the top of a bus and follow the route as planned. Glancing sideways to make sure that the shops were there and open, as the directory had specified, I would rapidly note down an estimate of the volume of their sales and the prices. These prices, I would have checked, more or less accurately, with other branches in the case of multiple stores, and similar establishments in the case of small independent shops. In this way I covered large areas of my territory with a minimum of pain and tedium.

I was in those days very much addicted to the East End and used to like going down there in the middle of the day. I also happened at this time to be rather uneasily in love with the Archbishop of Canterbury's secretary. She, though in several respects not in the least episcopal, was a tall, beautiful girl of very high integrity. One spring day I had persuaded her to come to lunch with me in the West India Dock Road. We were cruising east on the top of a Number 15 bus. I began making furtive marks in my notebook. 'What on earth are you doing with that filthy little book?' she asked. Diffidently, I explained. She snorted and stuck out her lower lip. 'Really! I knew you were irresponsible and hopeless, but I hadn't realised you were such a complete crook!' After this, I could never regain my footing with her.

At the end of six months, I had completed the first stage of my survey. It was then broken to me that a repeat investigation was necessary in order to compare the seasonal differences in butter sales. This second interrogation, I was told, could be conducted much more swiftly. It was. At the end of nine months, I had to spend a good deal of time and clerical agony at the offices in Dartmouth Street, just next door to the Passport Office, in making sure that my forms were all filled in legibly. I was mocked by G, who arrived with a beautifully neat bundle of stationery exquisitely inscribed by his staff from Birmingham University.

The time came for us to hand over our forms to the statistician and his assistant. The statistician was a young post-graduate from Cambridge. He looked the part; wore a green tweed coat, glasses, grey flannel trousers. He was friendly, diffident and, in his academic style, quite justifiably a bit patronising to us eccentric investigators. His respect for tabulated 'fact' was boundless. Presently, as the magnitude of the task impressed itself on the authorities, he was provided with an assistant. She was a small, mousey, brownish girl, recently down from a provincial university. She, I think, was sharper than her superior and treated G and myself, especially, with thinly concealed suspicion.

I cannot now remember who was responsible for the other areas of the UK. They may have made short, flitting appearances, but I think most of the contact with them was by post. I had a lot of back-tracking with the statisticians over some of my forms, which they found either indecipherable or in other ways unsatisfactory; but the 'facts' themselves were never questioned. I distinctly remember that some of my most cherished remarks by retailers, which I had collected verbatim during the early days before I lost my innocence, were fiercely scrutinised and struck

COAL meets the demands -at Cadbury's

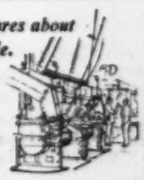
ONE of the great pleasures of civilized living is chocolate. And Cadbury's, masters of the art of chocolate making, have fashioned it in a score of delectable forms, a Lucullan feast of chocolaty delights that provides an almost irresistible temptation to indulge to excess.

When the men who control the practical affairs of this great company had to make a decision about fuel, they chose *coal*. They voted for coal to provide both power and heat for their factory because coal gives the greatest heat for the lowest cost. They know that coal—mechanically stoked—is smokeless, and that coal, the home-produced fuel, is reliable: there is enough coal in our coalfields to supply British industry with all the fuel it needs for centuries to come.

When you have to make a decision on fuel, remember Cadbury's. They choose coal. The same choice could well increase your enjoyment of the sweet taste of success.

And here are some key facts and figures about the Cadbury powerhouse at Bournville.

No. of boilers	8 water tube
Method of firing	Chain grate stokers
Steam pressure	225 and 450 p.s.i.
Continuous max. rating	180,000 lbs/hr
Annual fuel consumption	40,000 tons of coal



SOLID FUEL—more heat at less cost—and it's British

PROGRESSIVE INDUSTRY IS GOING FORWARD ON

COAL

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD

out as incompatible with the framework of the inquiry.

When it was all over and we had, so to speak, been acquitted, G and I went off together on an expedition to Limehouse – the Archbishop's secretary had chucked me long since – and I just escaped being arrested in a raid on a Chinese dice-house: never was there a more generous and less harmful gambling den.

About a year later the report was published. Meanwhile, some international economic cataclysm had caused a total *boule-versement* in the world of Empire Butter. All prices and quantities were now geared to an entirely different set of basic conditions. I think somebody was awarded an MBE, but I am not quite certain of this. I certainly lost my innocence for ever, so far as market research was concerned. I suppose I ought to feel guilty, even now across the years; yet I still do not think I did much harm.

Correspondence

SCIENCE AND THE DUKE

SIR, – All serious scientific work has been in abeyance here since March and a large staff of highly trained scientists and technologists has been engaged on polishing benches, mocking up demonstrations, getting out of the way of plumbers, painters and French polishers and trying to assimilate instructions and counter instructions issued from an 'Operations Room' at Head Office.

The Scientific Director (a £4-an-hour-man), hemmed in by organisers, managers and administrators, has had to pace the corridors with a stopwatch in his hand and time the speed at which lifts move. The Mathematics Department, with the aid of their £90,000 computor, has been working out how long it will take to transport the Duke of Edinburgh, three dozen company directors and 150 other guests from their cars, via lavatories and cloakrooms, to a cocktail lounge and thence to a dining room on the sixth floor.

In a rehearsal last week, 200 of us were co-opted as hosts and guests, asked to shake hands with a simulated Royal Duke, drink diluted orangeade (in lieu of sherry), partake of lunch and plod up and down six floors to hear our colleagues, agog with apathy because some of them had already been through nine preliminary rehearsals, describe what they were doing and how their apparatus worked.

Lunch itself was mediocre. There was tired grape-fruit, cool fish and warm ice cream. When he complained about the temperature of the fish, one £1,500-a-year scientist, with a good Cambridge degree, who had spent 40 working-hours timing the movements of canteen waitresses, he was told that fish should always be served at sea temperature; and, being unwise enough to inquire which sea they meant, realised that he had prejudiced his chances of a rise next year.

Lunch for the others, that is to say the other 200 who were not standing in as guests and hosts, consisted of a roll, a meat pie measuring 2.4 x 1.6 x 0.9 inches, a triangle of processed cheese and an apple and a tomato, supplied by an outside caterer for 4s. 6d. a head.

The Duke is coming ostensibly to open a new research laboratory, to talk to people whose job is to study scientific principles, elucidate mechanisms and apply their findings to the solution of technological problems in industry.

Does a man of 40, from a good school, with five years skilled war-time experience, four years at university and travel abroad, need nine rehearsals in front of salesmen, publicity men, administrators and the rest to describe in simple terms what he is doing and why? Is a research laboratory really justified in spending £2,000 on floral decorations, £200 on ashtrays, over £1,000 on cutlery and plate? Is it necessary that every member of the staff be issued with a new white laboratory coat, just so that the photographs come out well?

The uncomfortable truth is that many scientists in industry are now being used not for productive research and development, but for impressing visitors and promoting sales. Money which could be spent on better equipment, higher salaries, for endowing universities, giving grants to promising youngsters, is too often being frittered away on publicity gimmicks.

SCIENTIST

London

CASTRO'S CUBA

SIR, – Having resided in Cuba for five years, I have read Mr Kingsley Martin's three articles with some interest and, although there is much in them with which I am prepared to agree, I feel that, particularly in his first article, he has after such a short visit to the island tended to give a rather one-sided picture. I would like to make the following comments.

(1) It is generally agreed that Batista's regime towards the end was disastrous. But all regimes in Cuba deteriorate, the longer they last. It is just a matter of the degree of deterioration. On the other hand, when he came into power, Batista ejected a conspicuously corrupt predecessor without a blood bath and for the first few years of office he deserved comparatively well of his country. He met with considerable success in eliminating corruption and graft and his building development programme left its mark. Now Castro has completely changed the pattern of the inauguration of new regimes by setting the ghastly precedent of revenge and mass executions. I am glad that the writer does not condone mass executions, but I certainly wish that he had alluded to the thousands of victims now languishing in gaol under appalling conditions. Apart from real criminals, many have been arrested on flimsy charges and never tried and others denounced for personal spite. Why not a word by the writer about the denial of human rights? Why not a visit to the prisons? Or was it that he was refused permission, as I understand was the case with the International Red Cross?

(2) What Castro stands for today from the political point of view is secondary. The real danger lies behind the scenes with the so-called principal advisers. They are mostly avowed Communists and in accordance with the usual Communist technique I fear that Castro is really only a puppet – to be used so long as it suits their purpose and then consigned to the rubbish heap. A full-blown Communist regime would then be set up. We have many examples of this procedure in Iron Curtain countries of which I have been a witness.

(3) It may be true that Castro has for the time being improved the conditions of the underdog, which have been almost completely neglected by past governments and the monied classes. But a brave guerilla leader does not necessarily produce a sound reformer or a great statesman. It is easy to distribute the wealth of others, but without a proper knowledge of economics such a policy can bring intense disappointment in the long run.

(4) I admit that recent US policy has not been without defect, but I do feel that the US government have displayed considerable patience and forbearance in face of intense provocation. They are naturally genuinely alarmed by a Communist menace at their back door and nobody can be surprised at measures of counter defence. What would have been the fate of a so-called 'imperialistic' island off the coast of Soviet Russia?

(5) American firms in Cuba have often been far more generous to their Cuban employees than has been the case with Cuban firms. This cannot be called business tyranny.

(6) The future attitude of Latin American states is just a matter of speculation, but I feel that, except in the event of a Cuban attack on the Guantanamo naval base or the loss of life among American citizens in Cuba, armed American intervention would get precious little support in that hemisphere. Nor do I think that increased economic pressure by the United States on Cuba is practical politics. It would only embitter the situation unnecessarily and render Cuba more dependent still on Soviet supplies. US policy can only be one of extreme patience, in the hope that, if Soviet Russia or Castro overplay their hand, intervention in some form may be practicable with a measure of general support in Latin America.

ADRIAN HOLMAN

Liphook
Hants

KINGSLEY MARTIN *writes:* Past experience of Cuba has not prevented my critic from making the common mistake of comparing Castro with Batista and other Latin-American dictators. I hoped I had made it clear that there is every reason to fear that Cuba will become completely Communist; indeed the recent invasion may well have completed a process which past American policy has encouraged. Sir Adrian also makes another mistake in his reference to American 'business tyranny'. Castro has throughout been determined to end all capitalism in Cuba, not only the American variety. Whether his work for the under-dog will be permanently successful mainly depends on his success or failure in solving the dilemma of the land, which, as I said, has not yet been satisfactory resolved in Communist countries. I had long and outspoken conversations with people bitterly opposed to Castro; but they did not allege that there were 'thousands of victims languishing in jail under appalling conditions'. But that was before the abortive Invasion. I am glad that in his last paragraph Sir Adrian supports so much of my argument. I find it hard, however, to believe that American intervention in Cuba would ever win 'a measure of general support in Latin-America'.

STRIKES IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR, – It is quite wrong to say, as you do in your issue of 5 May, that the strike organised by the National Association of Schoolmasters 'is yet another demonstration against equal pay for women teachers.' It is no such thing. It is a carefully considered protest action designed to draw public attention to the continued unjust exclusion of the second largest teachers' association in this country from any voice in the negotiation of its members' salaries, the refusal of the government to institute an independent review of the salary negotiating machinery and the gross underpayment of schoolmasters. The decision to strike was taken after every other means had been tried without success, and it had the fullest support of the largest representative conference in the history of the Association.

To state, as you do, that the NAS is a 'splinter group' is to misrepresent the facts. The certified membership of the NAS for 1960 was 22,651 practising schoolmasters, which represents one in four of all the men in the profession. In the first few months of 1961 this very considerable membership has already been increased by over 2,000 new members, and it is certain that the final figure for 1961 will be well over 30,000. In addition, almost half of all the male students in the training colleges are already enrolled as associate members.

Finally, may I make clear to your readers that the Association's demand for 'separate consideration' is its traditional policy and has nothing to do with 'sex discrimination' or 'differential pay' as you so wrongly state? It is a realistic and rational approach to the problem of schoolmasters' salaries today. It is, indeed, the only protection for the schoolmaster against the continued imposition of demonstrably inadequate salary scales determined at a common rate acceptable to the majority of teachers who are women, and of whom an increasing number are married.

The National Association of Schoolmasters demands that the salary of the schoolmaster shall be negotiated separately from that of the schoolmistress. It demands that this be done by genuine voluntary negotiation with provision for impartial arbitration if settlement cannot be reached. A salary fairly determined in this way will be

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acceptable to its members, and they will have no complaint if then the government agrees to pay the same salary to their women colleagues.

A. L. JONES
Ex-President
National Association of Schoolmasters

STUDENTS IN THE SIXTIES

SIR, – Mr Fraser may have some grounds for chiding Mr Daly and Mr Sillitoe in their demands for better student grants. As another correspondent very rightly stated, there are many higher priorities, but to attack these two students in the way he does is surely unfair. He tells us that in return for the, admitted, privilege of studying at a provincial university, gaining knowledge, ulcers and nervous breakdowns, we should be dependent on parental contributions and vacation work for every little luxury such as clothes and books. He is very proud of the fact that he managed on a pound a week in the Thirties.

The present day value of that pound is about five, and only pocket money at that. My own grant, exclusive of parental contribution, is £150 per annum, and this includes a vacation allowance. Over term time this is five pounds a week, very close in value to Mr. Fraser's pound. I wonder if Mr Fraser had to pay for his digs out of his pound? And when he returned to his no doubt very comfortable £2,000 per year pre-war home in the summer, did he have to work nights for a couple of months, 60 hours a week in a stinking bakery for a mere pittance?

The fact is students hate having to be dependent on their parents. They hate having to work every summer for clothes and books when in fact they should be studying. Mr Fraser must agree that the position of many students is intolerable and this is caused by the level and form of student grants.

GRAHAM E. JOHNSON

Students Union
The University
Southampton

SIR, – As a pre-war student who won an exhibition of £50 to University College, Nottingham, I am amazed how present-day students complain of their lavish grants. Unlike G. S. Fraser's father, mine was in the £110-a-year class. But my mother always gave me money for an emergency – which I did not spend unless the emergency arose. A school scholarship of £10 for the first year and a Revis studentship of £15 for the second and third years brought my total emoluments to £60 or £65 a year. After fees and subscription to the National Union of Students were deducted, I drew each term about £8 to pay for bus fares, books etc. Fortunately, I was not greatly interested in clothes and my parents were quite willing to keep me in order that I might have 'my chance'.

Even though I have never yet been either academically or financially successful, I am grateful for having had the immense privilege of a full-time advanced education. It has enabled me at any rate to make an interesting use of my leisure.

I don't know what precisely Mr Fraser means by saying 'the girls handle spoken English without awkwardness or provincialism'. To me it seems natural that a Mercian-born should speak English with a Mercian flavour. Why should he speak like a Londoner? I am all in favour of parity of esteem for local accents. To my mind, to speak with a regional accent is a mark of character.

ENID M. GRAHAM

7 Morningside Avenue
Aberdeen

DOTHEBOYS MEALS

SIR, – As some of the teachers have been in the news lately with their strike, I think it is worthy to mention another aspect of educational establishments, school meals. Throughout the history of schools, public schools in particular, the very mention of school meals has become a standard joke among adults – but not among schoolboys. They have to eat them.

At my school if one didn't like potatoes, he would have no chance of living. The meat is tough and 90 per cent fat; the peas are dehydrated and are as hard as bullets; greens are not worth describing; sausages are under-cooked, and our salad is crawling with caterpillars. Every day for tea we have jam as runny as water and we have the cheapest margarine possible – and one *can* tell it from butter, as it tastes like lard. This is just one example, many schools are worse.

Something definitely could be done about hygiene and cleanliness in the kitchens and of course making our food more palatable. Speaking politically one method for political parties to gain the support of the voters of tomorrow is to win the hearts of the school boys of today by improving school meals.

PUPIL

TAGORE THE PAINTER

SIR, – In the London Diary of 7 May, Charon mentions the exhibition of Tagore's paintings at the Commonwealth Institute. Of the 49 pictures exhibited, 40 are Ganymed facsimiles commissioned by the Indian government and nine are originals.

ANN SIDGWICK
Director

Ganymed Press
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ENGLISH WITCH-HUNT

SIR, – Some years before the First World War I contributed to the *New Age* (as its foreign editor) articles criticising in strong terms the anti-German policy of Sir Edward Grey and the British Foreign Office, which, in my opinion, was certain, if continued, to end in war, as proved to be the fact.

These writings created some resentment in high quarters of the Foreign Office, and, eventually, one of the strongest financial backers of the *New Age*, a merchant banker named Wallace, was approached with a view to securing my elimination. This move was successful to the extent that Wallace informed A. R. Orage, the editor, that, unless the *New Age* changed its tone on this subject, he could no longer continue his substantial financial help. Faced with this situation, Orage asked me either to change my attitude or resign, so I resigned. I was succeeded by a jingo (then on the *Daily Telegraph* foreign staff) named J. M. Kennedy. Some years later, J. M. Kennedy suddenly died and his mother gave all his papers to Orage. In going through them Orage discovered that Kennedy was paid by the government to inform on the activities and opinions of contributors to the *New Age*. The amusing side of this rather ugly affair was that Kennedy did not disclose to the Secret Service that he had succeeded me on the *New Age*, and so was paid for watching himself! Orage never quite recovered from the shock of this discovery.

C. H. NORMAN

15 Old Square, WC2

MRA AND ALGIERS

SIR, – A letter in your issue of 5 May says that General Jouhaud 'has long been an ardent champion of Moral Re-Armament'. The General paid a 24-hour visit to Caux one year while I was there and very little has been heard of him since. It would be a gross distortion to say he has 'long been an ardent champion of Moral Re-Armament' I only wish he had! Things would be different in Algiers if more people applied the principles of MRA.

REGINALD HOLME

16 Wentworth Road
Oxford

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR, – The National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment is holding a 'Questions and Answers' meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster on Wednesday 21 June at 7.30 pm. There will be no set speeches: the audience will be invited to put questions and supplementary questions, which will be fully answered by Mr Gerald Gardiner QC, Mr C. H. Rolph and myself. No tickets will be required. All seats will be free and unreserved.

This meeting is designed primarily for doubters and retentionists, but these will only come if specially urged to do so: so abolitionists are begged, as a matter of really crucial importance for the Campaign, to bring along to the meeting as many doubting and retentionist acquaintances as they can persuade to attend. It is not too early for abolitionists to begin recruiting and persuading them immediately, with a reminder a week or so before 21 June. Leaflets are available, but the personal approach is best.

The Central Hall meeting is the beginning of an educational effort to which we attach the greatest importance: we are eager to hold a similar series of meetings in small towns and country districts throughout the British Isles. These will have to be arranged locally, although we shall give every assistance from headquarters: and we shall be most grateful if anyone willing to consider arranging such a meeting in his locality would write to us with the minimum of delay (at 14 Henrietta Street, WC2) for further particulars. We shall be looking after the large towns and cities ourselves.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ
Joint Chairman
National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment

PREMATURE FIG-LEAVES

SIR, – Why on earth are Adam and Eve, as depicted in the cartoon strip in your number of 28 April, wearing *cache-sexe* leaves *before* Eve has plucked the apple? Since the figures of the couple, as rendered by your artist, are scarcely the sort to generate lust in the apprehender and thus place the NEW STATESMAN in jeopardy of an Anglo-Saxon censorship seizure, I suppose this error is to be explained as a *lapsus stili*?

PAUL FUSSELL JNR

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Scenes of Rural Life

V. S. PRITCHETT

Between the Eighties and the early years of the present century, Warwickshire villagers would pick up the local paper and read out small reports and articles on village life which, to their astonishment, were the real thing. They were not the musings of the parson or some literary antiquarian; they were the plain, knotty pieces of a shrewd and active village labourer with a political edge to his tongue. Everyone knew they were the work of a Tysoe man, Joseph Ashby*, when he could find time from breaking flints on the road, measuring ricks, digging his plot or milking his cow. They had sat with him in the village school until he left to be a shepherd's lad at the age of 11. They knew him when his mother was getting Poor Law relief and wages were six or seven shillings a week. They knew him as one of the first to join the new Agricultural Labourers' Union, with Squire and Parson hot against him. They knew him as a lay preacher for the Methodists, a Radical speaking from his van when the franchise came in, and finally they saw him on the local Bench. A tall, handsome, talkative and reading man who knew every inch of his world, Ashby might have come out of *Adam Bede*. He is pure George Eliot down to the mystery of his birth and it is with something of that novelist's emotion and moral emphasis that his daughter has written her father's life. It is not a biography in the ordinary sense; it is an intimate chapter of rural history in the 19th century and can certainly stand beside a book like Sturt's *Wheelwright's Shop*. Ashby's life is seen as the history of the growth of a mind and the changing of a place. That may sound pious, pursed and slow; on the contrary, the writing is luminous and alive with daily instances. Historians are skilful in re-creating an age; Miss Ashby recreates the days.

Miss Ashby shares the same general attitude to character as George Eliot. The genius of George Eliot was fed, at its source, by the sense of natural and moral community which was fundamental to a village upbringing. No individual transcends it or can be understood outside it. Eccentric though he may be, he is bound by the whole. One can rebel, as George Eliot did, and leave the community – but, like her, one is likely to seek a similar moral order on another plane. Whatever their rages against one another, squire, parson and labourer belonged to a complete world.

The whole meaning of Joseph Ashby's life and effort – as his daughter describes them – lay in his belief in the pervasive communal feeling of the countryside. He fought because he feared it was dying. It was indeed stagnant in 1859 when he was born. The lot of the labourer was wretched; many, like Ashby's uncle, grew bitter and emigrated, for they were at the mercy of the new individualism of their masters. Ashby saw this as not only a matter of wages and hunger, but as a moral crisis. The labourers had come to see themselves as isolated and condemned souls: no one could see in them the descendants of the plump and contented peasantry of the 18th-century engravings. Ashby sought to restore their self-respect by re-establishing the old rural sense that they were members of one another. This was not a matter for pious exhortation; the facts of their daily lives made them so. He, like themselves, had been born to the condition. And so, as a subject for biography, Ashby is the kind of man whose privacy can only be guessed at and which may not be important even if we could guess it. He exists because he exists in his family, as a son, as a father, in his place in the village, as part of country circumstance and the general conscience. His home itself runs on work done by all. He was an exceptional man, but his conviction of membership with others is a thing of nature and if he had never made a political speech in his life or preached a sermon in the Methodist chapel this feeling would still have been his moral ground.

Joseph Ashby was history; he was also a singular moral force. Yet his beginnings might have been disastrous. The Ashbys of a previous generation were ruined farmers, Quakers but now indifferent, cynical and embittered solitaries. A mortgage had been foreclosed and they were down in the pit among the poorest of the place. There were tales of cattle-maiming among their forbears. The maternal grandfather took pleasure in poaching off land that his people had lost. Joseph Ashby himself was illegitimate. His mother had been a servant girl in a big house and – it eventually came out – he was the master's bastard. The disgrace did not break the mother; on the contrary she came home, stopped her father poaching, worked in the fields, read her Bible book by book, joined the Church and spoke out at the Communion rail, in independent Quaker fashion, when the Vicar tried to put a well-off farmer's wife before her.

This link with the gentry might have led to the delusions that addled the mind of old Durbeyfield in *Tess*; it probably did encourage the remarkable young woman to give a bit of education to the boy. On seven or eight shillings, precariously earned, it is hard to save; but she did, so that he could buy books when Banbury market came round. One cannot know what went on in her mind, but when the boy grew up there was a crisis and one can make a guess at it. He wanted to join the Union and he had become a Methodist; in other words, he was going to stand against squire and parson. His mother considered the matter. Then she went to a desk and got out some old papers and documents tied up with string and solemnly burned them.

'That's done,' Elizabeth said presently. 'You join the Union.' She recognised the beginning of a new world. She was burning perhaps – he later realised – some ambition, some dream of romantic family claim or pretension. The scene was not, as Miss Ashby says, portentous, but it was simple and final. Elizabeth Ashby belonged to the earlier rural dispensation, before the Enclosures, before also the clear glass of Tysoe church was replaced by the sentimental stained glass of the later Victorians. (Later on in life, even this bold woman yielded to the strong Victorian current which spread late to the villages from the towns, and became humble and submissive.) When he was an oldish man, Joseph Ashby put his children to work on a collection of historical documents that had come his way. He wanted them to know (his daughter says) 'that there was no one too poor or too far gone down the slopes of degradation to be their near relation, in some sense, their own selves'.

Ashby was, of course, a Puritan, but Puritanism seen from the outside is very different from Puritanism seen from within. When it had the Bible behind it, it was essentially dramatic and poetic. The weakness of Puritanism – as Miss Ashby recalls from her own childhood – is that it perhaps provided its children with a view of life too sheltered and idealistic. But it provided domestic excitement. To the outsider, nothing is more depressing than the Puritan Sunday, nothing more tedious, cramped and disheartening, than a day spent in one's Sunday best. Yet it was just this dressing up that delighted the Ashby family. To them, as for all the labourers in that generation, Sunday-best concealed the pleasure of folly beneath the assumption of duty and propriety. Puritanism was drama; it dressed up the oppressed mind of the believer, gave his wrongs and his rights exalted names, strange costumes and an exotic topography.

> They were on the side of the Prophets, rather than of the Kings, the institutions. The grounds of self-respect their fathers had lost in England they found afresh in Palestine . . . The great men of Israel were but farmers like their own cousins and ancestors. David had been a shepherd, Amos a herdsman, Christ himself a carpenter. For the more imaginative the gorse bushes on Old Lodge could be on fire with the flames that do not consume. They could imagine the Saviour walking on the blue brick causeway the Feoffees or Charity Estate were laying along the street, and were certain that saintly followers of His had walked and would yet walk the Tysoe lanes.

Yes, and establish what they knew: that the Charity Estate was Town Land and theirs, not Charity's. By turning themselves into imaginary Palestinians the villagers achieved a sort of liberation and certainly a feeling for combat. The parsons were unlucky; they had reduced themselves to the absurd situation of teaching manners – Obedience to their betters, Duty to neighbours. The villagers could see through that,

* *Joseph Ashby of Tysoe*. By M. K. Ashby. *C.U.P.* 25*s*.

and were well able to see who the parson's betters were too. A puritan Methodist was his own 'better'; if of Wesley's time it could be argued that Methodism had stopped a revolution, in Ashby's time Methodism became a weapon. Perhaps it wailed far less. The Union set its songs to the tune of the more vigorous old hymns.

Miss Ashby's book is necessarily one of great piety to memory and detail. Anyone old enough to remember survivors from the Victorian village, or to have spent parts of childhood in those kitchens or at village schools, will recognise her fidelity. We are now poor, impatient judges of the occupying spirit of those places because just as one recalls the drama, one also recalls the tedium. The urban reader – now, very possibly a sentimentalist about old crafts and so on – is almost certainly descended from the 'emigrants', those who could not stand low wages and starvation of mind and body, who went off in the 80's to the Argentine, Australia or just to Birmingham. The very spirit of community that Tysoe had once had, and that Ashby sought to revive, is not totally attractive to ourselves. In all countries the peasant is leaving the land for the cities. Half the reason, I am sure, is that the land works them too hard. Joseph Ashby, who believed in work, simply exhausted himself. One phrase in his daughter's book might have shocked him. She reproaches the Squires for saying that democracy was a vision of idleness indulged in by the workers; and she goes on to add – 'as though they [the Squires] did not daily show how charming and satisfying and even attainable a life of "idleness" might be.'

For Doreen

We have a lawn of moss.
The next house is called The Beeches.
A towering squirrel-haunted
Trellis of trees, across
Our matt and trefoil, reaches
Shade where our guests have sauntered.

Cars snap by in the road.
In a famous photographed village
The High Street is our address.
Our guests write from abroad
Delighted to envisage
Rose-arbour and wilderness.

They get them, and the lilacs.
Some frenzy in us discards
Lilacs and all. It will harden,
However England stacks
Her dear discoloured cards
Against us, us to her garden.

Anglophobia rises
In Brooklyn to hysteria
At some British verses.
British, one sympathises.
Diesel-fumes cling to wistaria.
One conceives of worse reverses.

The sough of the power brake
Makes every man an island,
But we are the island race.
We must be mad to take
Offence at our poisoned land
And the gardens that pock her face.

DONALD DAVIE

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'Seated Girl in Garden'
by Matisse.
(c) by S.P.A.D.E.M., *Paris, 1961.*

At your leisure . . .

In the Spring 'the trivial round, the common task'
seems less and less to 'furnish all we ought to ask'.
We ask instead, and our vaulting spirits clamour,
to get out into the sun and stretch our winter legs.
We sharpen the mower, grease the car, look at maps,
send for booklets, dream of clear water and a deserted shore.
Wherever you go and how ever you go
for your holiday this year; by ship, by plane,
by car, bubble or bus; one thought
we would not like you to bother about is—
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Military Mysteries

The Anatomy of Glory: Napoleon and his Guard. Adapted from the French of HENRY LACHOUQUE by ANNE BROWN. *Lund Humphries. £5.*

Authors and publisher have taken to heart Napoleon's appalling maxim, *'Ce qui est grand est toujours beau'*. This book costs £5 and it weighs five pounds six ounces on the kitchen scales. It is a factual and episodic account of the organisation, actions and appearance of the Imperial Guard – ' a free translation of a monumental work', Mrs Brown explains,

> from which, with the author's permission, I have eliminated many names and details. . . . Commandant Lachouque has told the story, built round quotations from the letters and reports of the participants, in pithy soldier speech. This I have tried to render into colloquial English.

The result is *petite histoire* on the grand scale, exhaustive and exclamatory, a rigmarole of trivial facts and short, tattling sentences, and it is often hard to see just why the Guard were marching to and fro. The general reader is unlikely to question the Commandant's details (though Mrs Brown puts him right on a couple of points); he is also unlikely to appreciate the value of the Guard, or of a work of this size, unless he shares the authors' passion for Napoleon.

Commandant Lachouque considers that the Guard's supreme value was its function as an élite:

> The spirit of the Guard was the cult of honour . . . it animated the whole imperial army and continued to inspire those who came after it in 1845, 1870 and 1914. . . . Only mediocre men are embarrassed by the presence of an élite.

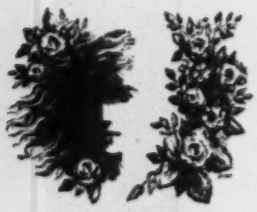
Some obvious dates are missing; and it does not do to trace to our own times the rôle of successive military élites in France. Napoleon began with a small personal palace guard, a symbol of consular supremacy; but this grew to be a reserve of mobile fighting strength for the army as a whole. Napoleon cherished his Guard, selecting men, inventing new uniforms and establishments, according new privileges, even when preoccupied by weightier affairs. Their first importance was for display; but again and again we see Napoleon divided between his wish to lavish splendour upon them, and his need for an economical fighting force; only at the last did the Guard become the heart and soul of the Empire's resistance. This book makes their glory seem no more than skin deep; for the authors have a second passion for uniforms – 'the great mystery of military dress, which every army must preserve and every nation honour if it hopes to survive'. The pictures (many from Mrs Brown's own collection) are chosen to demonstrate the minutiae of military adornment: characteristically, most were done by Bonapartists of the Twenties and later. Lachouque is aware of the absurdity of military foppery, and of the obvious disproportion of the administrative effort and cost required to keep soldiers smart when it was hard enough to keep them fed, shod and armed, and he knows the petty hardships implied. But he sees all this – even the ritual shaving before battle – as a necessary part of the creation of an élite.

This is a good soldierly view. But what was this élite and what did it do? The Guard changed constantly, had no outstanding commanders of their own, no coherence of function, formation or even nationality; they were something of a myth even from the moment of their vaunted 'rescue' of Napoleon in Brumaire. It was exceedingly rare for the Guard to fight at all, until they had been decimated on the retreat from Moscow. And when they did fight, in the last campaigns of 1813, 1814 and Waterloo, they were beaten. Doubtless their marching and fighting were magnificent. But they did not win. They faded into restoration and bourgeois France; their actions were transformed into legend by the talents of Vigny, Bérenger and Balzac.

The Napoleonic cult (still kept aglow by writers like the fertile Lachouque) combines the appetite for glory with a powerful death wish. The French army has lived, not on victory, but on legends of revolt and defeat. Napoleon called it 'a natural career for Frenchmen'; but the army – and his own above all, with its emphasis on bravery at the expense of skill – stands altogether opposed to the French feeling for freedom and intelligence. Disgrace and defiance are needed to restore its popularity. Napoleon victorious seems coarse, oppressive and stupid. Napoleon in defeat inspires sympathy by his cunning and his sufferings, and takes on the liberal and rationalist aspect of the Revolution from which he sprang. Similarly, his Guard, insufferable when resplendent in aiguillettes and colpacks, achieve glory in adversity; their nickname of *grognards* endears them to a nation of individualists; their legend remains attractive because it is accepted that Hugo was right – what their commander said when summoned to surrender at Waterloo was not *'La Garde meurt et ne se rendent pas'*, but simply *'Merde!'*

C. S. BENNETT

"For those with refined and discriminating tastes, who also enjoy a good read, the novel can hardly be faulted."
NORMAN SHRAPNEL, GUARDIAN



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OGPU and Comintern

The Conspirators. By GEOFFREY BAILEY. *Gollancz. 21s.*

International Communism and World Revolution. By GÜNTHER NOLLAU. *Hollis & Carter. 35s.*

These two books illustrate the difficulty of writing the history of communism. *The Conspirators*, which is fascinating but unreliable, describes three incidents in Russian history between the wars. First, there is the sinister story of the 'Trust' (otherwise the Moscow Municipal Credit Association), which purported in the early and mid-Twenties to be a tsarist movement of growing power inside Russia. The honesty of its intentions was accepted, it seems, by most of the leading White Russians in Paris and elsewhere. Even such wily conspirators as Boris Savinkov and Sydney Reilly, the British 'master spy', were taken in by it – they, with others, paying for their credulity with their lives; for the 'Trust' was from the start run by the OGPU as a means of luring anti-Bolsheviks to their death in Russia. The second story concerns the kidnapping by the OGPU in Paris, in 1930 and 1937 respectively, of the White Russian leaders General Kutyepov and General Miller. The final story is a new version of the fall of Marshal Tukchachevsky. It is argued very cogently that there was a real military plot against Stalin in 1937, which was betrayed by Tukchachevsky's German contacts and which Stalin nipped in the bud very much at the last minute and in great panic. There is a great deal of interesting information here, much of it new but nearly all of it unsubstantiated. All that can properly be said is that where the events he describes can be corroborated by other sources Mr Bailey does not seem to have been careless.

Dr Günther Nollau has written a well-documented history of communism since 1848, insofar as its activities have been related to a central directing body. This is an enormous field. The book can only treat the first and second Internationals very sketchily, providing no new material and reaching no new conclusions. The author is more successful in dealing with the Third International (the Comintern). He steers his way skilfully through all the extremely varied material available – memoirs of defectors, newspapers in a dozen languages, party statements and communist accounts written since the death of Stalin. The result is that this section is the fullest and most accurate account yet written of the Comintern. Dr. Nollau, however, has written a research thesis rather than a book. The narrative is often confused and too much attention is paid to the German communist party throughout the book at the expense of the French.

On events since 1939 the difficulties of writing the truth about communist history are even more marked. All one can hope to do is to give a chronology of the more startling changes in the public party line, pictured against the few known facts. Dr Nollau's story of the foundation and dissolution of the Cominform, of the breach with Tito, of Khrushchev, of the communist assault on underdeveloped countries, is painstaking but pedestrian. But since the details and the personal side of communist history are hidden, this is inevitable, even essential. Some future Mr Bailey, however, will no doubt fill in the gaps. Beria's last will, the

minutes of the meeting in the Kremlin which committed Russia to intervene in Hungary in 1956, Mao's views on the Sputnik will presumably be made available in a yellow cover within a year or two.

There are two interesting appendices to Dr Nollau's book: one containing some apparently genuine private letters from Willi Muenzenberg, the Comintern propaganda impresario in Paris, to Stalin and Dimitrov at the time of his break with the party (mid-1937); and another telling the true story of the treachery of Pieck (who died last year as President of East Germany) at the time of the arrest of Rosa Luxemburg and Liebknecht in 1919. It seems clear that Pieck did betray some secrets (though he did not betray the other two German communist leaders themselves) in return for his liberty.

HUGH THOMAS

The Road to Mecca

Faces in Shem. By D. VAN DER MEULEN. *Murray*. 21*s*.

Bulgarian Background. By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Hale*. 21*s*.

Under Soviet Skins. By RONALD HINGLEY. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21*s*.

Golden Wall and Mirador. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 36*s*.

Soho for the Colonel. By MICHAEL BRANDER. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 25*s*.

No doubt it would be possible to dream up a more unlikely source for a fascinating book than the reminiscences of a Dutch consul about two tours of duty in the Red Sea port of Jedda. It isn't even contemporary; it offers no insights into the politics of oil. But M. van der Meulen can write; he is direct; his observation is sharp; all his stories are excellent. His job was to supervise the progress of Indonesian pilgrims from Jedda to Mecca, a journey frequently marked by squalor and misery and danger. 'Do become a Muslim and I will give you my sister', says the young Arab to the Christian author, at which our author smiles kindly. Whereupon

> he jumped at me, gripped my shirt at the collar with his left hand, flashed out his short curved dagger with his right and I felt the point of it on my skin. We stared at each other and I did not even breathe. I looked down into such a depth of hatred, wounded pride and desolation that I realised it might go ill with me.

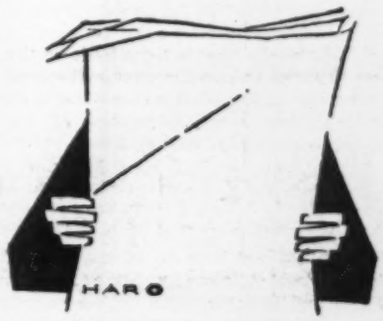
In one bizarre anecdote, a famous French journalist arrives to report on the local slave traffic, his intentions being more sensational than the author thought proper. A pilgrim ship sinks in the harbour and hundreds drown while the French crew behaves badly. The journalist reports heroic behaviour on the part of the French. Years later the ship on which the journalist is travelling sinks. 'In his last moments the man of the *grand reportage* lived through the agonies he had watched from a distance in Jedda and had so misleadingly described for the world press.' M. van der Meulen also has the capacity to describe good works in an interesting fashion, not that there were many to report among the horrors of Arabia. His comic eye flashes at the curious arrival of a yacht with five rich Englishwomen aboard, all dressed in sailor suits. It is very like Maugham, only less worldly-wise.

Mr Newman is firmly in the present with Bulgaria. His report is, I suppose, a shade pedestrian: but with me, as with all Balkanomanes, he is in a seller's market. Mercifully – for the Bulgars, that is – the days when the Sofia air was loud with the sound of detonations have gone, when agents of the merchants of death, disguised as raisin dealers, stepped daily off Black Sea coasters. Meanwhile, in a bleak hotel room leaders of the Agrarian Peoples Party, in trilbies, bugged the IMRO conspirators below ('Liberty or Death for Macedonia!'). The atrocious Bulgar behaviour in the Balkan Wars is now well in the past. Mostly peasant, growing accustomed to industry, increasingly prosperous, retaining their affection for Russia – Mr Newman, who travelled freely, finds them cheerful, busy, still hostile to neighbours, puritanical, big eaters, given to gambling on the English football results, well-disposed towards Britain. Most of the Bulgarian proverbs he quotes, like those of most peasant peoples, veer between the mordant and the suspicious. One seems out of place in its recklessness: 'A good woman is worth more than a farm'.

Under Soviet Skins, for all the author's manifest familiarity with the subject, doesn't penetrate deeply enough. Little sense of the drama or vigour of Russia comes across, partly perhaps because Mr Hingley seems uncertain about his audience, doesn't aim high enough. Or it may be that his powers of ratiocination are greater than his descriptive talents because, while he writes entertainingly enough about housing and law courts and the Chekhov museum, what seem the important sections of the book – or at least the more interesting ones – are his deductions from Soviet behaviour. He remarks on how 'much Soviet propaganda about the West tends to be self-description and consists of "mirror-image" accusations. Unable to talk about their own deficiencies they find relief in attributing them to others'. But what is one to make of Mr Hingley's response – facetiousness – when talking with Russians about Soviet propaganda slogans, tiresome though they may be, suggesting that 'bourgeois intellectuals . . . revolve in a closed circle, doomed to tragic isolation'? One wonders what he sees under English skins.

Mr Sitwell's account of an enviable journey through several South American countries is that solid, old-fashioned kind of travel book in which learning produces an apt simile at all times when confronted with a painting, a piece of architecture, manifestations of folk art, a dazzling vista; in which a journey is described chronologically as it proceeds, the detail patiently amassed in a leisurely, articulate fashion. Prospective travellers in those areas will find it valuable, especially if they are like-minded. Curiously it leaves in the mind a fainter image of, for instance, Peru than do David Dodge's thrillers, but, then, no one would allege that travel books, except Lawrence's, could ever really match good fiction.

A Sportsman's Guide to Scotland and the North of England is how Mr Brander subtitles his book. Declaring an interest, I confess to sharing a point of view once put to me by two cock-fighters on the banks of the Eden, namely that fishing is a cruel sport. The book is not, though, simply an angling guide; Mr Brander follows the spoor of that very remarkable 18th-century figure, Colonel Thomas Thornton, who published a similar work in 1804. The Colonel was the leading falconer, not to mention the biggest hunting, fishing and shooting man of his century. Among his other achievements, he stood up to and defeated the Duke of York who had tried to cheat him out of £5,000; while he remains the only Englishman whose mistress's



Did you expect war in Cuba?

"IT IS NOW officially and widely believed by the Cubans that the United States intends to destroy their revolution. They believe that the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington is financing a counter-revolution based on Miami to repeat their Guatemalan success of 1954".

This was Patrick O'Donovan writing in The Observer last February, over two months before the invasion of Cuba. He went there at the beginning of this year and wrote three articles about the island's mood that even today give a deeply revealing insight into the character and ideas of the men in power.

If you saw O'Donovan's articles, neither the fact of invasion nor its failure came as a surprise to you. And such ahead-of-the-news reporting is very characteristic of the paper.

Khrushchev and Mao

Sometimes this can have spectacular results. As for instance when Edward Crankshaw, for many years The Observer correspondent on Soviet affairs, gave the full facts about Russo-Chinese discord, and the bitter exchanges between the two leaders.

Crankshaw's report was recognised as being of diplomatic importance. It was taken up and broadcast right across the Western world.

Recently, The Observer published exclusively in Britain the tremendous exchanges between Khrushchev and Walter Lippmann, America's leading diplomatic reporter. This was a fascinating document, and an important revelation of Khrushchev's aims, intentions and beliefs.

So much for the recent past. What and where next? I don't know; but I am sure that these journalistic feats are not isolated flashes. They are the result of a great deal of thought and care.

All over the world there are men from The Observer placed strategically to see what is going to happen, as well as what is happening. Often they arrive at political nerve centres well before others have realised that those nerves are jangled. You can read the results of their probings in The Observer this and every Sunday.

J.B.L.

name is listed in the Jockey Club records as having won a flat race against male jockeys. His London flat was named 'The Boudoir'; he sold it for 14 hogshead of claret. The Colonel's book consisted partly of whole passages lifted from Pennant's *Tours of Scotland* and was unkindly reviewed by Sir Walter Scott. Mr Brander's observations both on the 18th-century text and on the countryside and life of the North are, alas, rather banal and, from time to time, flagrantly reactionary. But I was glad to meet the Colonel.

JOHN MORGAN

Decline and Fall

Britain in World Affairs. By LORD STRANG. *Faber* and *Deutsch*. 30*s*.

Retired diplomats, who are seldom offered lucrative commercial employment, are much given to writing. First we get their memoirs. In more spacious days, these could keep them occupied for many years. Sir Horace Rumbold gave us four volumes, Lord Frederick Hamilton three. Nowadays publishers will only take one. Hence the memoirs are usually followed by a study of British foreign policy. Rejected memoranda, once inflicted on overburdened foreign secretaries, are blended with the gleanings of many idle hours spent on amateur historical studies, and embellished with choice phrases sharpened over weary embassy dinners. Sir David Kelly produced *The Ruling Few* and then, inevitably, *The Hungry Sheep*. Lord Strang, once head of the Foreign Office, follows the familiar pattern. We had the memoirs, *Home and Abroad*, and then a study of 'the Office'; now comes the great work on foreign policy, from Henry VIII on.

It might have been considerably worse. True, the earlier chapters are predictably tedious. Lord Strang has nothing to add to the conventional library works, and he has an irritating habit of quoting the more sententious opinions of secondary authorities – 'In 1763, "the English race was at the top of golden hours" (G. M. Trevelyan)'. But as he gets nearer our own times, Strang writes with increasing authority; he has plainly mastered the sources and read extensively, including many books now out of fashion. His analysis of the origins of the First World War is excellent and there is a lucid and, in some respects, novel survey of its aftermath. What he has to say about our present predicament occasionally suffers from an overtone of Attlerian complacency, but it is usually thoughtful and shrewd.

Lord Strang concludes by observing that the objects of British foreign policy have scarcely changed over the centuries: national security, the development of trade, and protection of the international lines of communication. What has changed, however, is the degree of national well-being which a successful policy on these lines can provide. In the 18th and 19th centuries, provided the diplomats – backed by the Navy – could hold the ring and keep the trade routes open, the wealth of Britain increased inexorably. We have now entered a period of relative decline. In the Napoleonic Wars, Britain financed the coalition to the tune of £50 million. In 1914-18, although we borrowed $4,250 million from the United States, we still loaned over twice this sum to our allies. By 1940, however, we were a net borrower, and four years later America was underwriting nearly 30 per cent of our war effort.

This was reflected in the catastrophic decline of British military power. In 1918, Keynes calculated, Britain's financial and economic capacity was two-fifths that of America; despite this, we had sustained war expenditure on three times the scale. Today, America's military budget is ten times our own, and Russia's almost as great. The relative and absolute decline in British naval power provides an accurate yardstick. Up to 1914, we virtually maintained a two-power standard: we had 18 modern battleships, against 13 for Germany, and 8 each for the US and France. By 1920 we had accepted parity with the US, and a 5 to 3 ratio with Japan. By 1940, both the US and Japan were superior. Today, the US Navy has about 20 times the striking power of the Royal Navy, which itself is only one-sixth the size of Soviet naval forces.

The end of British sea-power has, inevitably, been accompanied by the loss of physical authority overseas. We began our retreat from the Far East in 1902, with the Anglo-Japanese pact. After 1952, we relinquished our military control of the Middle East, as the Suez disaster showed. Now we can maintain only one major naval unit east of Suez and – even with conscription – we have fewer infantry battalions than in 1939.

Of course, Lord Strang argues that our influence depends on other factors: we manage about half the currency of the Free World and are the second largest exporter of capital. These two functions constitute our remaining claim to great power status; they are maintained, however, largely for illusory reasons of prestige; in reality they are an increasing source of economic weakness. In his optimistic survey of Britain's post-war economic position, Lord Strang does not mention the most important statistic of all: with the solitary exception of the United States, British industrial production has the slowest rate of growth of any major country. Unless this trend is reversed – and there is not the slightest indication that it will be – the future memoirs of British diplomats will be pretty small beer.

PAUL JOHNSON

That Evening in Hampstead

Mrs Patrick Campbell. By ALAN DENT. *Museum*. 30*s*.

Is there any harder literary activity than to write truthfully and illuminatingly about a dead actor? The dramatic biographer's material provides easy dividends on a journalistic, gossipy, sentimental level. The Success Story with ups and downs, foibles of the great, theatrical gossip and rows, an inevitable *Pagliacci* theme, a mass of critical quotes and counter-quotes, and a supporting cast of literary and theatrical celebrities: throw these ingredients together in any sort of order (if they're ill-ordered, they will give the traditional sense of the hurly-burly of theatrical life), and you will have a vivid, saleable book. The character and quality of the actor, however, will scarcely have been handled seriously at all.

Alan Dent's account of Mrs Patrick Campbell is typical of this genre. It is affectionate, colourful, curious, and rich in quotes and anecdotes. But it is undiscriminating and for the most part unilluminating. Reviews, biographies, letters, interviews and Mrs Campbell's own autobiography have provided much readable material, but the general tone of the book, nostalgic, star-struck, mildly naughty and basically superficial, seems pitched to a readership of old ladies. It throws out hints about Mrs Campbell's performances but does not seriously attempt to recreate or judge them.

Mrs Campbell's talent as an actress and richness as a human being come through in stray episodes and sentences, as when Mr Dent describes his own meeting with her or quotes one of her own comments on one of her performances. He has unearthed much pertinent material, but it is watered down by a mass of tittle-tattle: 'It would seem probable that not only were the best critics present on that May evening in Hampstead but also one or two of the best dukes and duchesses as well.' About a third of the book is devoted to this sort of thing and if Mr Dent's publishers had persuaded him to remove it, what remained would have provided a weightier and more readable publication.

Dramatic biography is still strangely old-fashioned, a survivor from the world of Appreciation and Belles Lettres. A great actor deserves criticism on the level we nowadays expect to be given to artists in other fields. But few biographers seem to have settled the scope of their work; they write something half way between biography and criticism. Each is worth doing, but it is doubtful whether both can be adequately attempted within the same book.

Perhaps what is needed is not so much a critic or biographer as a good editor of source materials. The pith and suggestiveness of such materials (assessments by those the actor worked with, contemporary reviews, surveys by people who saw all the major performances of a particular career, the actor's own recorded sayings and writings) are somehow lessened when they are all mixed up together in a single narrative. In such a context even

THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WILSON AND THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND

ASSASSINATION

REX TAYLOR

author of 'Michael Collins'

'an exciting book, a dramatic story... Mr. Taylor has extracted from it, all its interest, pathos, horror and tragic irony'

The Bookman

25*s*.

Hutchinson

the shrewdest comments read like gossip. More fatally the narrative form imposes a spurious objectivity. A dramatic biography is basically a collection of highly subjective views, diverse and mostly formed *ad hoc*, and nothing is gained by obscuring the fact. If Mr Dent had presented the same material in a different form, that is to say by keeping the various ingredients separate under different headings (e.g. Contemporary Criticism, Assessments by her Fellow Actors, Autobiographical Material etc.), and confined his own comments to critical annotation of these sources and a brief introductory or concluding analysis, he would have produced a much more useful book.

JOHN BARTON

Ohne Mich

Primal Vision. By GOTTFRIED BENN. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

It is a sad reflection on our literary logistics that Gottfried Benn has been made to wait until 1961 for his first appearance in English. The task of translation has been in hand for some years: now it is completed, it is strategically irrelevant, a treatise on Big Bertha in the age of Polaris. Yet there were three moments, at least, when a knowledge of Benn's work would have been of some importance. The Imagist generation might have been intrigued, and instructed, to find the German Expressionists, their contemporaries of 1910, sharing their preoccupations and distastes. Again, if Isherwood and his fellow-Berlinophiles had studied Benn's essays of the time rather than Brecht, Toller and Tucholsky, Hitler's triumph might have surprised them rather less. Gottfried Benn actively welcomed the Nazi Revolution: he was the only German writer of any distinction who did.

The reasons for Benn's conversion would have been worth knowing at the time. So, too, would have been the story of Benn's subsequent disgrace, disillusion, and retirement into the Army ('the aristocratic form of emigration' according to Benn: a remark typical both in its Prussianism and *Berliner* wit). For, against all prediction, when the 'bottom drawers' were unlocked after 1945, it was not a writer of the Christian or Socialist resistance, but an elderly Prussian medical officer, who was found to have given expression to German experience of Hitler's terror. Reading a prose piece like *Block II Room 66*, one feels that here Expressionism has come into its own, that it was precisely to convey this experience of alienation that the style of 1910 was created. Benn's hysterical syntax, his monstrous compounds, his calculated violence to language had found their theme in Nazism. It was this Benn – once the darling of the *avant-garde*, who had, he claimed, 'been publicly referred to as a swine by the Nazis, a half-wit by the Communists, an intellectual prostitute by the Democrats, a renegade by the emigrants, and a pathological nihilist by the religious' – who was to become an intellectual force after 1945 greater even than Brecht or Thomas Mann.

It is this third phase that is now chiefly interesting: how do we explain the astonishing come-back? Was it, at least partly, because Benn had chosen the 'inner' rather than the outer emigration, as the phrase ran? Because, after his flirtation with the Nazis, and unlike 'the emigrants', he had shared the German people's experience of terror and defeat? Certainly, it is clear that it was Benn's affinities with fascist ideology – his vitalist metaphysics, his cult of unreason – that gave him such insight into the German condition between 1930 and 1950. (Brecht's rationalist analyses of Nazism in *The Private Life of the Master Race* or *Arturo Ui* are superficial by comparison; his was an outsider's view of Nazi Germany.) It is equally clear that Benn's conscious political irresponsibility, his *ohne mich*, were attractive to many young Germans after 1945. He was widely admired for his 'integrity': this integrity consisting not in any attempt to come to terms with the experience of his generation, but in a dogged pursuit of the false premisses of 1910 to their logical conclusions. For those who had hoped for something better from Re-education, this response on the part of young Germans must have been fairly disheartening.

Would they respond to Benn like this today? Scarcely. Benn is admired still for his poetry and his descriptive prose, but his philosophy is old hat. Benn said little that had not been better said by Nietzsche; and too much of his theorising smacks of the vulgarised Nietzsche of blond beast fame. His aesthetic dogmas are no more than echoes of the Mallarméan *fin de siècle*. It is clearer now than it was a decade ago that, while there is no falling off in the quality of the later work, Benn's range was always narrow. By temperament, Benn was an extreme melancholic; and there are no doubt too few changes to be rung on melancholy and nostalgia to make an oeuvre of Goethean, or even Brechtian, proportions.

It is clear that the remarkably ordinary young Germans of today do not seem likely to go either for Benn's mood or for his doctrines. Their scepticism is quite different; they were born, of course, after the deluge. We should be grateful, no doubt, for this volume of Benn's prose and poetry which has excellent translations by Babette Deutsch, Michael Hamburger and Christopher Middleton. But perhaps we should be no less grateful that it has appeared at a time when a knowledge of Benn is no longer urgently needed.

JOHN MANDER

Cold Wars

Race for the North Pole. By JOHN EDWARD WEEMS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

No Latitude for Error. By EDMUND HILLARY. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

Race for the North Pole is a misleading title, for there was no race. Mr Weems's book is a study – one of many, as his bibliography shows – of the rival claims made by Robert Peary and Dr F. A. Cook to have reached the northernmost point of the earth's surface. But at the end the old doubt persists. Was the Pole ever reached at all?

The first part of the book concerns Peary. Twenty-three years of arctic exploration form a background to the great attempt of 1909, when with one coloured servant and two Eskimos he reached, or thought he reached, 'my dream and goal for 20 years'. On his way home he was to hear the claim of Cook that he had reached the Pole a year earlier. The remaining half of the book deals with the years of controversy, out of which neither protagonist came unstained: Peary, the gruff, reticent man of action who made the fatal mistake of allowing his book to be at least partly ghosted, versus the mild Cook, who won hearts by his seeming modesty.

Time has discredited Cook, who gained little from his claim but notoriety and was later sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment for his share in an oil company fraud. But what of Peary? 'Mr Weems does not openly take sides', but his sympathies are clearly with him. As the quarrel proceeds, however, and it is cleverly unfolded, the issue becomes more and more clouded and one dearly wishes that Mr Weems would answer more squarely the charges of Gordon Hayes and others that he was nowhere near. Certainly Peary believed that he reached the Pole. But a new book should surely present some solid proof one way or the other.

Unlike the North Pole, whose watery nature does not help its identification, the South Pole is firmly sited on a large continent and occupied by a finely equipped American base. The story of the crossing of this continent has been told officially by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary, and unofficially by George Lowe. Now, in *No Latitude for Error*, Sir Edmund has added yet another volume.

There seem to have been several reasons at the back of his mind. The official account is intentionally impersonal, and the New Zealand story takes second place. Very little space is given to Hillary's own dash for the Pole, and while the apparently conflicting messages which gave rise to the newspaper ballyhoo are printed side by side, the full story of what led up to them is not told. Hillary was in conflict with the Ross Sea Committee and worried by Fuchs's silence and slow progress. Also, as anyone who climbed with him on Everest could have told the Ross Sea Committee or anyone else, he was not the sort of person to sit around at Depot 700. 'Irrespective of the opinions of others I knew what I wanted to do and was determined to push it through – despite secret

WILLIAM SANSOM

BLUE SKIES, BROWN STUDIES

'I hope that many people will read this book . . . it is informative and amusing . . . written with such skill and care that we bless the tradition of English letters for being so sinuous and so variable.' HAROLD NICOLSON

'Sheer sensual enjoyment, which recalls the best of Cyril Connolly and Aldous Huxley in their most luscious pleasure-giving moods.' MAURICE WIGGIN

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doubts at times as to its feasibility.' He has been criticised by some for having his own piece of cake and then suggesting that Fuchs should give up his. Here, in some sense, is his apologia.

It is a full, forthright account of what happened at the New Zealand end of the expedition. Hillary's characteristic drive and enthusiasm, as well as his capacity for understatement, come out even in the colloquial and sometimes archaic phrases. 'Poor old Jim was thoroughly cheesed off about it all', he says, or at some desperate moment: 'Our situation gave ample cause for concern'. Some chapters tread old ground and some, among the crevasses, tend to monotony because the brink of one crevasse, however perilous, is much like the brink of another. But the final dash to the Pole in Ferguson tractors (is it still heresy to doubt the value and emphasise the risk of this feat?) moves at superb speed, and the story is held together by the author's intense interest in everything that happened.

WILFRID NOYCE

Afterthoughts

The Study of History. Vol. 12: Reconsiderations. By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

Athenian audiences insisted on having a satyric drama to round off the tragic trilogy. Will the latter-day classics who make up the readership of *A Study of History* be such gluttons for punishment? In this 12th afterthought of a volume, Professor Toynbee gaily proceeds to review everyone of his myriad reviewers, in 700 pages of small print. But the awesome self-importance which inspires an author to this kind of rearguard action is mitigated by an elephantine kittenishness. Cornered by a chorus of indignant academic colleagues, he reveals a surprising and engaging levity, as well as providing the curious reader of footnotes with a surprising amount of racy autobiographical material.

Begun at the beginning the book is totally unreadable. But a superb index makes it possible to start anywhere and browse forward – or, preferably, backwards. One example may reveal the savour of this extraordinary production. Sir Ernest Barker once attacked Toynbee on the ground that he neither knew English history nor loved it, and went on to complain that, in the index to *A Study of History*, England occupies one-sixth of the space occupied by Egypt. Here are a few lines of Toynbee's reply:

> To give one-sixth as much space to England as to Egypt, is fantastic, and nothing but my being an Englishman can account for my having gone to that length. It is fantastic because the proper proportion would be, not one-sixth, but something nearer to one-sixtieth. Compared to Egypt, what is England, after all? What has England to show for herself in comparison with Egypt's record? England has never been the seat of an independent self-contained civilisation.

After this it is not surprising to learn that Toynbee's classical education makes him unable to resist the temptation to attack any culture – including the Jewish – to which he feels himself akin. 'I believe that irreverence such as mine is the most salutary attitude for Westerners to take towards their civilisation in its present crisis.'

So *A Study of History* was not, as many of us imagined, a portentous piece of German architectonic, performed by an Englishman, but a snook cocked by a Wykehamist at Western learning.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Arthur Miller

THE MISFITS

Just published, the new cinema-novel by America's leading playwright(author of *Death of a Salesman, A View from the Bridge*, etc.). Its subject, three misfits in an age of materialism who seek adventure and liberation in a still-wild corner of Nevada. Its treatment unusual for it has almost the visual immediacy of an actual film. *United Artists' film starring Monroe and Gable is soon to be released.* *12s. 6d.*

Jan Carew

THE LAST BARBARIAN

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BURNS SINGER, *The Listener*

"told with tenderness and understanding."

18s. *Glasgow Herald*

Secker & Warburg

Rural Hardy

Thomas Hardy. By DOUGLAS BROWN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

This revised edition of Mr Brown's study of Hardy is one of the few really distinguished and original pieces of literary criticism in the last ten years. Its quality comes from Mr Brown's clear and well-documented sense of Hardy's art as it emerges from the social and human situation of late 19th-century rural England: 'his narrative art takes both its material and its vitality from the agricultural, rather than from the philosophical context.' The key-word here is vitality. It is easy enough to insist that Hardy loved the country and to connect his work in a general historical sense with its 'background'; what Mr Brown does is to show the subtler interconnections between the artistic quality of the writing and the 'agricultural situation' in all its richness. And this proves to be the only possible foundation for a just literary assessment.

Mr Brown has revised his pages on *Jude* and some of the poems. One wishes he had gone a little further, taken his insights and his critical method to even bolder limits. One can't help feeling that *Jude* would then be more unequivocally revealed as a masterpiece, and he might then have had the courage to tackle *The Dynasts* rather more freely. For there remains in this valuable little book (blessedly compact, formidably full) a certain unresolved argument between the critic's profounder apprehensions and a lingering commitment to a narrower, more absolutist desire for 'purely literary' judgments.

ARNOLD KETTLE

Perseverance

The Sun Doctor. By ROBERT SHAW. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Doctor Sax. By JACK KEROUAC. *Evergreen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Season of Mists. By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Carnival Confession. By CARL ZUCKMAYER. Translated by JOHN and NECKE MANDER. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

The Chinese Bigamy of Mr David Winterlea. Translated by HENRY MCALEAVY. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Altneuland. By THEODOR HERZL. Translated by PAULA ARNOLD. *Deutsch.* 84*s.*

Too Long in the West. By BALACHANDRA RAJAN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Robert Shaw has his affinities with Conrad in that civilisation, for him, tends to be an affair of human perseverance against odds, outside established society. Perhaps only William Golding, among contemporary novelists, enacts the same preoccupations with man alone, man at grips with a primitive environment. Mr Shaw's new hero is a doctor, Benjamin Halliday, returning to England to pick up a knighthood after 25 years fighting disease and superstition in West Africa. Craggy, melancholy, he drinks to smother some failure; there is a beautifully revealing interview with an old lady from the *Observer* and then, in a long flashback, we get the whole story: his discovery of a small tribe, *his* negroes, whose headmen are horribly deformed, born without sweat glands. This has been his greatest achievement: weaning away the healthy from their ritual dependence on the sick. But a native girl he once took to his bed dies, probably of love for him, becoming the painful sign of a lack he feels in himself.

How he overcomes this self-disgust, through an affair with the woman who keeps house for him in London and a despairing trip to Orkney where he learns more of his dead, drunken father's true nature, is the developing moral of the book: its end finds him back, saintly, devoted, in the African swamps. Questions get begged here (why his sudden distaste for poor little Kamante? Why have memories of his father been so crippling?) and generally the characters disarm each other and us with improbable avowals and confidences: 'I keep my hat on because I am losing my hair,' says that old *Observer* lady. There is too much of this not to sense it as a device. What is so impressive in *The Sun Doctor* is the certainty of touch and the sheer intensity with which both the choked, sodden jungle and Halliday's dealings with its maimed owners are sketched in: here, for once, the confrontation of black and white makes for marvellous metaphors of dignity and courage. Mr Shaw is a very good writer indeed.

Mr Kerouac, of course, isn't. And yet *Doctor Sax* (which he seems to have given rise to as long ago as 1952) offers rumours of a buried descriptive talent of some size. There is a giant Flood (Kerouac's capital) in it somewhere: 'It was all one vast and ghastly swimmingpool made of mud, straw, cotton, machine oil, ink, piss and rivers –' It would be easy to apply this typical piece of lax exuberance to the book itself. Language is scooped up in the Kerouac dredger to plop down almost anywhere – something has 'the scaly *ululating* back of a sea monster' and

nasty coinages like up-fluge, ookeries and flagle are all too present. He talks of old library books: 'my soul thrills to touch the soft used meaty pages' and then ruins a sharp effect by adding 'covered with avidities of reading', which is babu and null. A French-Canadian childhood in Lowell, Massachusetts, is the occasion for all this. Barely disguised autobiography, certain scenes – the boy's horse-racing with marbles, glimpses of his mother and father, fights, baseball, and early sex-play – are less marred by looseness than others and emerge as vivid and oddly tender. In and out of this totters and struts evil old Doctor Sax with attendant demons and vampires, the boy's delighted nightmare purloined from horror-comics: bits of the Gothick fulminations devoted to him and his are hugely funny. But, although I enjoyed this more than anything else by Mr Kerouac, its rewards are really too intermittent and too deeply tainted with stupidity for me to recommend it to anyone unlikely to be paid for reading it.

A Season of Mists is even more determined in its pursuit of laughter. Ninian La Touche, a rich fiftyish art dealer with a country house and a sister, falls in love with his madly inefficient little secretary, Miss Fellowe. He asks for secateurs and two enormous deodars arrive, sending his eccentric old gardener into fits. Manley, the week-ending historian, is trying to steal his Italian cook, a colourful treasure. A monkey gets loose, sheep begin browsing on his lawns, a terrible teddy-boy involves him in crime. There is another, Bolterish sister, with vulgar lovers, and Miss Fellowe's tea-shoppe mum who reads like a poor script for Irene Handl. As the curtain comes, Ninian is over his madness and they are nurturing a pregnant niece. 'Mellow fruitfulness', with a vengeance.

Carnival Confession, artfully written, finely translated, is a *conte* pure if not simple. It is 1913 and Carnival season in Mainz; a young dragoon staggers into a church with a dagger in his back. Who killed him and why is worked out against a background of processions, balls and fair-grounds. Mr Zuckmayer has an unexpected gift for the macabre, but his publishers do him no service by suggesting larger aims.

The Chinese Bigamy of Mr David Winterlea should lay that legend of the inscrutable sophisticated East for good and all. According to the introduction, Mr McAleavy has drawn it from a serial published anonymously in a Shanghai 'mosquito-newspaper' (sheets containing anecdotes, topical items and serial stories) in 1913. Mr Feng has acquired two young girls from whose heels it is his delight to inhale snuff. Naturally enough, he takes them with him to England, to Red Hall, a mock-Chinese settlement for Embassy officials, and shy young Mr Winterlea is brought in to teach them English. Along the way, we are regaled with many droll stories, most of which rely rather heavily on the waste-products of the human body, and even Mr Winterlea's silly fastidiousness gives way in the end under the combined assault of Peony and Lotus. We leave him, doubly wived in Hong Kong and kept up to the mark by 'a sufficiency of the best ginseng root from Manchuria.' There are some wanly affecting Chinese drawings and I hope it isn't all a brilliant pastiche.

Altneuland is a bewilderingly bedecked edition of Herzl's famous novel (1902), in which he adumbrated a Jewish state in Palestine. Produced for the centenary of its author's birth, it offers some glowing art-photos of modern Israel for good measure. 'Old-New Land' was never a distinguished novel; its interest lies in the blue-print in depth Herzl contrives, through long monologues and straw inquisitors, of his dearest wish: a home for the Jews. Finely humane, splendidly optimistic, it reads a bit wryly today on such matters as the assimilation of the Arab population. I should add, in case any misguided publisher should think of emulating this edition, that the text is illustrated within an inch of its life and that I'm not the only one to have been confused: pages 134 and 135 should be reversed.

Too Long in the West starts off well, with suggestions of epigram, in a remote Indian village whither Sambasivan repairs each summer with his family to play the local squire. His lovely daughter Nalini is expected back from America, anxiously awaited by a handful of suitors. These have been advertised for (Sambasivan's village is *really* remote) and include a manufacturer of cosmetics and a professional cynic. An American health man turns up, a bridge collapses, a car breaks down and Nalini is thought to be compromised. The early wit soon becomes something more boisterous and Mr Rajan's promise of some acerbities on East and West dissolves in a gentle, emollient, far-fetched conclusion, *a marriage* more at the author's *convenance* than anyone else's.

JOHN COLEMAN

Itinerant Wit

Better than Working. By PATRICK SKENE CATLING. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Now a resident *Punch* wit, Mr Catling has written an engagingly deadpan account of his ten years on the staff of the Baltimore *Sun*. Beginning with petty crime reports, he graduated to 'features' via some shock impersonations in a hideous rubber face-mask. His first big assignment was to interview Jane Russell, which led to a diversion: the *Sun* gave him leave of absence to go to Hollywood and write a book on Miss Russell (as yet unwritten). His account of Hollywood is witty, sketchy and non-committal to the point of vanishing; Catling cannot bring himself quite to mock or to justify either Miss Russell or himself; boredom and futility, and the guilty unease of the intelligent journalist, rise unmistakably from his elegant pages. Returning to Baltimore, he was sent to view an air-base at Ultima Thule, where the ice crackled in the highballs, being thousands of years old. Then, several petty excursions later, he was sent to the Korean war.

All he gives us on Korea is a wealth of comic anecdotes involving himself and fellow correspondents – and it was here that the book lost its charm for me. His refusal to pass any moral comment produces a sort of thin-bloodedness, a monotonous lack of concern that communicates itself fatally to the reader. The Catling method, however, is apter for South American politics, and he was later assigned to the Guatemalan revolution of 1954 (fought on both sides with Esso maps, in so far as it was fought at all). There is a tense moment when Catling nearly commits himself to a political opinion, goaded by the Guatemalan Tourist Director's frank question: 'Do you like Mr Dulles?'

'I do not like him or dislike him,' I replied untruthfully. 'He is the United States Secretary of State. I am a reporter.'

JOHN HOLMSTROM

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Hope Deferred

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The Irish production of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, now playing at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, is very welcome. From the Arts production of 1955 it seemed that performance enhanced and diminished the play in about equal proportions, but the relation between text and performance is so variable in modern drama that alternative productions are necessary, as a check. The important differences in the Irish production turn out to be very useful, especially as the play is now much better known.

Waiting for Godot is a morality, but characteristically of uncertainty rather than of faith. Its basic themes have very simple Christian origins, in two texts which are incorporated into the dramatic speech and imagery. First, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life'. Second, 'for they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers . . . Ye fools and blind! for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?' To a medieval moralist, the dramatic structure would follow from the fact that the opposition of good and evil could be resolved. To Beckett, evil, though destructive, is strong; while good, though perhaps redeeming, is weak and broken down. He does not show the triumph of either, but the deadlock within each and between each. The form of the action is that of pilgrimage and appointment: neither finally fails, but equally neither can be shown to succeed.

The basic pattern of *Waiting for Godot* is the opposition and interaction of two contrasted pairs of characters, with a further and comparable opposition within each pair. There is the direct contrast between the world of Didi and Gogo and that of Pozzo and Lucky. At one level it is simply that Pozzo and Lucky are conscious of time and subject to change, while Didi and Gogo are not:

> VLADIMIR: How they've changed! Those two.
> ESTRAGON: Very likely. They all change. Only we can't.

This opposition is the basis of the action, in the contrast between the two acts: for Didi and Gogo, in each act, it is another day of waiting, 'for night to fall or for Godot to come', while for Pozzo and Lucky there is radical change – from master and slave to the blind led by the dumb.

Then there is the contrast between the pairs with regard to the types of relationship they embody. Pozzo and Lucky are in a formal world, dominating and being dominated. They are tied to each other, both ways: the slave is led but the master must hold the rope, which in the second act is the rope leading the blind. Didi and Gogo – and this is much of the warmth of the play – are in a different, informal, voluntary world: loving and resentful, wanting to break away yet still anxiously returning to each other. For each pair life is a journey, but the cries of Pozzo and Lucky, even at the end, are 'On, on', while Didi and Gogo simply return on themselves, back to a fixed point:

> ESTRAGON: Well, shall we go?
> VLADIMIR: Yes, let's go.
> (*They do not move.*)

Beckett has created here a very powerful dramatic imagery, of a virtually universal kind (this is the main difference, I think, between *Waiting for Godot* and some of his other work). The world of the tramps, who were once in the sun of the Macon country, is a general image of fallen man. The experience of waiting, of hope deferred, of 'he won't come this evening but surely tomorrow', is again so general in our time that its unconscious power is considerable. And the world of master and slave, as presented, cuts deep into our general experience: the Pozzo of the first act, the complacent, sentimental consumer, who has someone else to carry and to think for him, also has the whip and the rope. The combined power of these major images makes the play deeply moving even when only imperfectly understood.

There are further images. There is the fundamental despair of the tree of life diminished to a bare or almost bare willow, which the tramps would turn into a cross on which to hang themselves (the analogy with the two thieves, and with Christ, is there from the beginning). There is also something quite different: an interaction between body and spirit which is very moving, persistently moving, because the body is so present in the play – its imagery is continually enacted, and is the source of the very rich deep humour. The emotional tone of the play is determined by this interaction: the coarse, unreliable yet often delighted body, across which the claims of the spirit fall both to inspire and to terrify. This interaction controls the language, which moves with speed and subtlety between these dimensions. It is there too, within each pair. Didi is waiting for Godot, while Gogo is waiting for death; it is Didi who mainly speaks to the messenger, and who disturbs Gogo's sleep; it is Gogo who wants rest, and Didi who must restlessly wait. Between Pozzo and Lucky the separation is more absolute, in their quite different world. It was Lucky who gave Pozzo thought, but the enslaved mind has broken down, into delirium and then dumbness, though it can still terrify the apparently satisfied body, and in the end drags it down into its own collapse. The scheme is quite formal, yet it is also wonderfully alive because the whole texture of the language is woven from the same interaction.

The demands of the play, on producer and actors, are severe, even given the power of the leading images and the clear rhythms of speech and action. The present production, directed by Mr Alan Simpson, has many similarities with Mr Peter Hall's Arts production, but the differences are interesting. The Pozzo-Lucky scenes are now much stronger, while the Didi-Gogo scenes gain in humour what they lose in tenderness – that balance is very difficult to strike. The four leading players at the Theatre Royal, Brian Phelan as Estragon, David Kelly as Vladimir, Nigel Fitzgerald as Pozzo and Derek Young as Lucky (the boy messenger is Patrick Byrne), are all excellent within these terms. The pace of the first act seems too slow; it has to be slow, to express the waiting, but also it must not lose the fundamental tension. The biggest single gain is Derek Young's delivery of Lucky's one long speech. Cut across by compulsion and fatigue as well as by the babble of scraps from the schoolmen and scientific scholarship, this speech is still central. It is worth ignoring these scraps and following the main line:

> Given the existence of a personal God . . who . . loves us dearly with some exceptions, for reasons unknown but time will tell and suffers . . with those who . . are plunged in torment . . and considering . . that . . it is established beyond all doubt . . that man . . in spite of the progress . . wastes and pines . . and considering what is more much more grave . . the great cold the great dark the air and the earth abode of stones in the great world . . alas alas on on . . to shrink pine waste . . alas alas on on the skull the skull the skull. . .

This traditional vision of man's decline into death is confused and unfinished, on the edge of breakdown but not broken down altogether, and the play was greatly strengthened by its clear speaking (the easy alternative is gabble and horseplay).

How far, in this good production, does Beckett get through? There are two general difficulties. First, the play has become, among some people, a byword for pessimism and decadence: it is a kind of experience they do not want. I can only make my own position clear: that I do not share Beckett's vision but find myself moved by it, as by a grotesque, diminished, but still powerful *Lear*.

The second difficulty is more formidable. Because of its flexibility and subtlety, even its deep ambiguity of tone, it is a play that requires an emotionally educated audience. Yet at the performance I attended, there were many people who seemed to think themselves superior to the tramps. It even seemed, as that unruffled amusement at quaintness went its deadly way, that Pozzo was at last in control – the sentimental consumer at his ease, having bought a writer and players to think and dance for him. It is a good job Lucky can still kick occasionally, and that Didi and Gogo can bear to wait.

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Falstaff's Agony

DAVID DREW

In the early stages of composing Falstaff, Verdi declared that 'the opera is wholly comic'. To a great artist, nothing is wholly comic, and like Wagner with his 'lighthearted' *Meistersinger*, Verdi found that the act of creation brought about a change in his material. Boito's borrowing from the Falstaff of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* was already an acknowledgment that the merely buffoonish Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was inadequate. His Falstaff perforce lacks the tension between opposed kinds of honour which Shakespeare develops through the relationship between Falstaff and Prince Hal; but by grafting on to the rather weak organism of the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* a branch of the honour motif, he gave it new life, and a life to which Verdi could respond.

Although Falstaff is at the very start made to stand for the negation of all honour, this upsurge of Chaos takes place in a kind of moral vacuum. The only positive element is Falstaff's own beloved C major, the great C major of life born in a rhythm whose syncopations are the merest hint of disorder. Nothing else effectively challenges Falstaff's declaration that honour is nonsense: Dr Caius is a grotesque, the women, one feels, would be prepared to 'fall' if that might improve their station, and the young lovers are neutral.

The 'placing' of Falstaff's amorality is delayed until the second act, and the task is fulfilled, most ambiguously, by Ford. The 'Jealousy' monologue is critical. Ford's kind of honour is a poor thing, all ego and bluster; and the music is a continual *double entendre*, touching the sore of a real wound, and yet moving to the verge of parody. Musically, Falstaff's re-entry after the monologue is one of the most inspired contrasts in all opera, not least because in the tonal dimension it is no contrast: avoiding the modulation which a lesser composer might have thought inevitable, Verdi grants to the dishonourable Falstaff the same E flat major which had guided the honourable Ford.

Yet what a modulation this is, in another sense! The violin melody is the quintessence of the *galant*; such masculine coquettry would be insufferable if it were not so winning. By referring back to that 'tricky' rhythmic displacement which began the whole opera with an accented second beat, Verdi at once discovers the affinity of grace which unites the unsavoury rapscallion of the first act and the pomaded seducer who now emerges to greet Ford. Although we know Falstaff to be the dupe, he is no more a dupe than Ford; and as they leave arm in arm, he has, so far as we are concerned, won everything that matters. Throw him in the Thames like laundry which is past hope of cleaning, and he rises again at the beginning of the Third Act, is saluted as a hero by the orchestral introduction, and within a few minutes is washed pristine by a bottle of wine. Such a man is humanly indestructible, and we can hardly disagree when he declares that a world which tries to destroy him is on the decline: with him shall disappear for ever the type of honest manhood!

Verdi exploits to the full the expressive content of this (superficially) ironic paradox; from the beginning of Act 3 there is no longer any room for the 'wholly comic'. An earthly purgatory, which is what all comedy and farce pretend to mirror, cannot touch a man of this scale; and Verdi takes the first opportunity to evoke the unearthly when Mistress Quickly arranges the midnight meeting. The extraordinary composition of the word *mezzanotte* veers away from all burlesque implications, and prepares for those apocalyptic chimes which announce the final scene. The complexity of this final scene is such that we ought to find ourselves echoing the words with which Ford began his monologue in the second act; 'Am I awake? Or do I dream?' Awake, we see a masquerade, a comic burlesque. Subconsciously we hear and feel much more. This is Falstaff's Agony, with undertones that recall the Verdi Requiem, especially the *Dies Irae*. The music exists on a plane far above the liturgical parodies of the text (*Domine fallo castro!*) and that sublime dualism confers on Falstaff a judgment worthy of his stature.

Verdi's masterpiece calls for a singer who is a great actor and a great producer who is in some sense a singer. Geraint Evans, who takes the part of Falstaff in the new Covent Garden production of the opera, is a very accomplished singer, but as an actor *and* singer in this role he is limited by the laughter he can so easily provoke. Franco Zeffirelli is a remarkable stage producer, but he does not always find his way to the music. He likes to deploy his singers over the full stage and keep them active, without always having regard to contrapuntal balance. The scrupulous and brilliantly tasteful realism of his settings is an acceptable substitute for the free play of imagination; but when imagination is let loose on the Windsor Park scene, the aim is uncertain. As in other parts of the opera, the production fails to define, or wrongly defines, everything that is 'more than comedy'.

The finest contribution to the evening is the conducting of Carlo Maria Giulini. The most sensitive detail, such as the articulation of the slurred staccato accompaniment to Quickly's *La bella Meg*, contributes to the forceful whole, and the final fugue was for once an epitome.

Games and Endgames

V. S. PRITCHETT

Beyond the Fringe, at the Fortune, is the best evening of dead-pan satire and contempt I have seen for years. It is done by three tall young men and one short, dressed in dark grey pullovers and trousers, against a landing and flight of steps which might belong to the feebly lit basement of the Lubianka prison, a passage to the Out-Patients or the north entrance to Hungerford Bridge at four in the morning. Anonymity is the note. Brains require no background. The only festive thing is the movement of Mr Dudley Moore's furry-caterpillar eyebrows as he gives us Peter Pears singing *Little Miss Muffet*, breaks into the ludicrous *Die Flabbergast* or some lying ballad about the Rhondda in the bad old days. The rest of the show is rapid brain surgery, done by scornful specialists, mainly on our public religious and political figures.

So, at the beginning, by a hazard of indoctrination, a raspberry for Mr K. turns into one for Mr Macmillan; a little later, the Prime Minister is seen on television mis-

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timing his gestures. Wayward hand-gestures are a strong point with the quartet and convey the state of near-insanity they are reduced to as they impersonate Empire Loyalists, Civil Defence speakers, linguistic philosophers, prison governors and the smoother clergy of the Anglican church. The revue loves people who tie their accents and ideas into knots. Mr Peter Cook's Macmillan is a model of automatic inadequacy; yet when this actor reappears as the Expressman who gets drunk so that he can snigger 'openly, behind his hand' at the Beaver, he is also able to melt into the loose assortment of a double dealer's abortive smiles. And Mr Cook is ruthless too; he won't, as a brain surgeon, allow any pathos to the ordinary Marble Arch crank who couldn't get a judgeship because he didn't 'do his Latin'. That lunatic with his namby-pamby voice, caressing his inaccurate classical titbits and going on and on monotonously, is terrifying; he is an end-product of Endgamers, Godots and caretakers. For a long time Alan Bennett was simply a studious listener, locked in behind a pair of research-student glasses, slopping into wistful friendliness like an appreciative dog. This was a deception. Suddenly he had a bitter little chin, the eyes of a martinet and one of those Public School voices that start like chewed caramel and then force their messages down a congested nostril that seems to have a cultivated gnu in it. It is the real squash-playing voice of the man who believes in People, and in Verwoerd ('he's bluff, of course'), and when, later on, Mr Bennett released it in a sermon on the text 'Esau was an hairy man', he was masterly. This was the *tour de force* of the show. The audience roared; but for that, one might have been in Southwark Cathedral.

Weaving in and out of these items was Jonathan Miller. His gingery hair, his naked nose, his doubting eye, his pouncing fingers, his leaps, his snakiness added something which I can only call pure intellect poured into the body. When he argued linguistic philosophy and insisted that 'why' questions should be 'how' questions, he writhed, twiddled, twisted, leapt, knelt, lay on the floor and doubled up in a frenzy of clear thinking; and when in the wildly funny skit on Shakespeare's histories he was killed in battle, he carried on dying all over the stage, on and off the floor, up and down the steps, as if he were going to keep it up for 25 years and establish stage dying as a pensionable occupation. (The hand movements of the Tudor helots in this piece were noteworthy too.) In other turns his quite simple habit of pacing across the stage with one arm held up like a frantic Fascist salute in search of an object, or a brain in search of a point of view, was certainly 'beyond the fringe' of something – perhaps reason.

The curtain came down on four figures who were insultingly unpertubed and who, without telling us what they wanted, quite distinctly showed us they didn't want us. Their virtuosity was at its best in disembowelling the clergy and trussing up spokesmen-types in their own syntax. About the BBC, Peter Pears and the Public School spirit – 'straight bats' and 'preferring six of the best' – I found them predictably donnish. The Common Man was seen from the Common Room. I thought the Public School joke (at any rate in that genre) went out 30 years ago; if it has come back it should surely be spotted all over with nervous apology and inverted commas. Still, it is remarkable to find a revue in which there is not a single dead act.

SIR KENNETH CLARK'S

LANDSCAPE INTO ART

NO. 1. BACKGROUNDS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORKS OF

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MONDAY, May 22nd 10.30 pm

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Contradictions

DAVID SYLVESTER

In pictorial as in outer space, getting somewhere first is supposed to bring national prestige. Several contributing nations in last year's Venice Biennale used their pavilions to try and prove they were the nation who had produced the painter who had produced the earliest 'informal abstractions'. Strange as it seems, Britain would have been prominent in this contest if her Council had staged an exhibition of Rodrigo Moynihan.

As evidence of Moynihan's anticipation of what is now current theory (though seldom as well articulated), the catalogue could have included a short essay written in 1934, submitted to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and, after rejection, put away in a drawer. Called 'Impressionism and Abstract Painting' it argued that the kind of painting which had come out of Cubism had fallen into a tasteful manipulation of 'tidy shapes' and that this sterility was linked to a naive belief in being classical which had grown out of a misunderstanding of Cézanne's relation to Impressionism and of the significance of Impressionism itself. The point was that Cézanne's art was not a simple antithesis of Impressionism, exploiting some especial virtue of cones, cylinders and spheres. His late works contained 'the true meaning and importance of impressionism: he brought the mind of the painter, the object and the canvas into an intimate alliance'. The kind of abstract painting which would be a logical development from this, said Moynihan, would be one which 'does not create shapes to be considered better than other shapes, but tries to produce conclusive answers to those questions which present or suggest themselves on the canvas'.

The work Moynihan was doing at the time was as original and unconventional as his ideas, and equally prophetic of the high fashion of 20 years after. It has not been better described than it was in a review by David Gascoyne when Moynihan, then aged 23, first exhibited, in 1934.

> He has achieved some very curious effects; as though a Kandinsky has been using the bleary technique of a Monet with a range of pale, dirty colours laid on very thickly . . . One had thought that Impressionism could go no further than Monet; but now, it seems, it is being developed along the lines of non-formal, *i.e.* non-geometrical, abstraction, an abstraction built purely from colour and light, which are the same thing.

Our imaginary Biennale show would have included works of this kind dated between 1933 and 1937. The next item in the catalogue, however, would have been dated 1956. This and those following it would have differed from the early works in having a wider range of colour, a less rigorously 'all-over' design, and a certain suggestion of neo-romantic imagery. Visitors might have felt that these had fulfilled the promise of the early works less than could be expected, considering that Moynihan had been one of the very first artists in the field. This might have been put down to the strange gap in his development, a gap about which the preface to the catalogue would doubtless have been pretty cagey.

For a second Moynihan exhibition might meanwhile have been taking place – a memorial exhibition at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy of Rodrigo Moynihan, CBE,

RA (defunct 1956). It would have consisted mostly of portraits, many of them commissioned, one of the Queen before her accession. Middle-of-the-road critics would have maintained that no other British painter of our day had been so successful in reconciling the demands of commissioned portraiture with those of art – a knack which, once normal, had almost been lost in this century. Those of the *avant-garde*, however, while acknowledging that this was doubtless true, would have been more critical of the way in which Moynihan had leant too heavily on Manet and Goya.

How are we to reconcile these two personalities, the pioneer abstractionist and the academic portraitist? Are they so very far apart? They share an obsession with the sensuous qualities of succulent creamy paint and with the way that light can linger over and glamourise a surface. And they both make the same sort of brushmark, one that belongs more to the Old Masters than to our own time.

But why did there have to be a change? The point is that the change was dictated by conscience, in response to the revulsion against Ivory Tower art which was current among young painters as well as writers in this country in the late Thirties. The reversion to abstraction was simply Moynihan's admission that he had been trying to work against his own instincts. And this brings me to what I think is the heart of the matter – that Moynihan is subject to the kind of difficulties which beset the artist who, having an exceptional intelligence, can't resist using it in a way that over-complicates matters for him. He is often at odds with himself, and this, in an age when the artist has nobody and nothing but himself to rely on, has slowed down the development of an exceptional talent. The very recent pictures in his exhibition at the Redfern, however, show that Moynihan is now reaping the benefits of being complex and ready to face his complexity, not suppress certain sides of himself in order to reach easy solutions. I mean that they have the richness and density of emotional content which a work of art can have only when it mirrors the conflicts of a complex personality.

Other notable exhibitions still open are the important anthology of contemporary prints at the RWS Galleries and the one-man shows of Matta at Gimpel's, Sonia Delaunay at the Brook Street Gallery, Ghika at the Lefèvre, Craxton at the Leicester and Elinor Bellingham Smith at J. S. Maas and Co. Some of these will be reviewed here next week by Edward Lucie-Smith.

Benaud's Lot

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The mere sight of a green cricket cap, once upon a time, made Englishmen quiver like jellies. Bradman or McCabe had only to walk down the pavilion steps for English fieldsmen to back towards the fence; Gregory and Macdonald, Lindwall and Miller had only to begin their run for English batsmen to long for home. I shall be surprised, however, if Benaud's Australians cow anyone this summer.

True the Surrey game was not a fair test. Though the Surrey Club had slapped paint on the Oval until it actually looked bright, though the sun shone on 20,000 spectators, though the pitch was neither a Trent Bridge featherbed nor one prefabricated for a Laker, there was one omission – a team which could spark the Australians to their best: and this makes any judgment tentative. But on this showing I would say that Australian bowling will be below standard, while their batting, fielding and attitude to the game will delight everyone who sees them.

To begin with their weakness. Misson, bringing the ball down from a great height, can get some life even out of a docile pitch, and has a graceful swing. But he wastes his long run, trundling and lurching for the length of a pitch before he gets into his stride. McKenzie, with half the run, gets equal speed; but neither, in speed or accuracy, is a match for Statham or Trueman. Davidson, the left-arm fast bowler is still capable of anything; but I should be surprised if Kline gets anywhere near the class of Grimmet or Mailey. What Benaud is capable of I do not know because he is still nursing a sore shoulder; and as for Mackay and Simpson, they looked the sort of bowlers a captain puts on when he wants to buy wickets. Not one of them troubled the majestic May for an instant. My guess is that, in a good summer, the Australians will face some big scores.

But they will make some big scores, too. First, they've got O'Neill, built like a Maurice Leyland, with square shoulders and strong forearms. He is said to be suspect against spin and after his first two balls from Lock, there was enough evidence for a conviction. To the first, O'Neill went forward but not forward enough and the ball lifted into a gentle, though harmless parabola. To the second, he went forward again, changed his mind half way and only just managed to stun the ball on his crease. However, to the next one he lay back slightly and, before the covers could move, the ball had hit the boundary fence. He only made 14 that day before descending to what is now called a 'sweep' but which I could swear was a cow-shot; but he is going to make thousands of effortless runs in the next 15 years. Then there is Simpson, slighter and less powerful than O'Neill but full of wristy style, and another newcomer, Lawry, who is tall enough to get his chin above the highest bumper and cracks boundaries to the off or to the on with unperturbed impartiality. With them are the experienced men: McDonald who, if he keeps his head down, can still bat all day, the glorious Harvey whose limitless possibilities have not yet, in this country, been fully matched by performance, Benaud, who can hit or defend according to the team's needs, and Davidson who prefers to get 'em in fours.

My one doubt about Davidson is his temperament. On Saturday he drove one full-bloodedly back at Lock and Lock caught it. Thereafter, for some seconds, it was still life – with Lock staring at Davidson and Davidson staring at Lock, both of them silent but with their respective surmises clearly becoming wilder and wilder. This dramatic incident was ended by a bit player who put his finger up; but Davidson, probably, is still fretting about it. Finally, of the batsmen I saw, there is Mackay. He also has his worries. He likes to go to the crease and stay there all day, stretching his legs only occasionally with a gentle lope up the pitch for a single. But these are the days of brighter cricket and, to silence the groan which the sight of him provokes, he has taken to using his bat as a ladle for doling out catches. Including him, however, there are eight Australian batsmen who are not only capable of scoring centuries in a Test Match but are likely to do it.

This, however, is not all. The Australian fielding beats even the standard set by the South Africans a few years ago. Each one of them seems to be able to throw without effort from the long boundary dead to the top of the stumps, to pick up on the run and return in one motion, to take catches with either hand. In the whole of one day I saw only two fumbles and one of them illustrated a point about the whole side which is worth making. Simpson had not properly covered a fast drive. He let it through his fingers to the boundary. At once, he turned with shame-faced apology to Benaud but Benaud, who likes his cricket played properly, ignored the glance. O'Neill, however, not only sent over a grimace of sympathy but next ball picked

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up a flashing drive one-handed and had it in Grout's hands before the batsman could move. Thus stimulated by the captain's silent reprimand on the one hand and O'Neill's sympathy and example on the other, Simpson picked up an even hotter drive a few balls later and threw down the stumps. These Australians believe that you can't play good cricket without discipline; but they are not going to be robots, either. They are going to be a great batting and fielding side and, for my money, they are going to arouse admiration for their artistry and affection for themselves wherever they go.

Handsome Doesn't

REYNER BANHAM

A nervous editorial in the current issue of *Design*, admitting-by-denying that there is any conflict between the CoID and the consumer-defence organisations, suggests that the Council expects some trouble over this year's Design Centre Awards. So there will be, but not generally on aesthetic grounds – this year's panel has taken a tougher line, thrown out soft furnishings and soft options and concentrated on appliances with a business-like air. 'So much', as Gropius nearly said, 'for Beauty – but what about function?' That, clearly, is where the CoID expect trouble, and – as usual – the trouble is going to be over the product awarded the Duke of Edinburgh's Award for Elegant Design, which is the *Ultra* TR 70 transistor radio, designed (styled, one should say) by Eric Marshall. But first, there are going to be aesthetic troubles as well. At least one other award winner, Colin Beales's table mirror, is more elegant in the common law sense of the term, and the Ducal panel's citation of the Ultra's undeniable good looks is couched in art-critical jargon that is quite incredible coming from a body that included Sir Kenneth Clark – Eric Marshall is congratulated, as far as one can see, simply for re-stating a school-geometry axiom about a straight line intersecting two parallel lines.

But – and in plain English, this time – the panel raises ergonomic objection to TR70, because it is possible to muddle the controls (this does not happen, however, on the next larger model, TR81) and says nothing at all about its performance as a radio – not a word (and this from a panel that includes that Pasionaria of English Functionalism, Jane Drew)! The arbiters of elegance might try to duck this one by saying that function wasn't in their briefing, but against this one might cite the opinion of Oliver Goldsmith: 'Nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty.'

While the Council continues to lend its dwindling prestige to products solely on grounds of appearance, consumers, who – naturally – concur with Goldsmith, will continue to put their trust in *Which?* and *Shopper's Guide*, and dismiss the CoID's recommendations with 'handsome is as handsome does'.

Spoil the Film

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Spare the Rod isn't, for two-thirds of the way, such a bad little film; but its dim status is typical of the British film industry. Several years ago Michael Croft submitted a treatment of his novel *Spare the Rod* to the British Board of Film Censors. It met with fierce resistance and the cry, 'We would rather this film were never made!'; and so, threatened with an 'X' certificate, cuts, and small bookings, the film never was. These facts emerged from a battle carried on with the Board of Film Censors in these columns last year.

The belated version now screened at the Marble Arch Odeon has a new script by John Cresswell and is heavily backed by Max Bygraves who takes the leading part. I don't doubt his sincerity, but he is an actor playing his first straight role. *Spare the Rod* starts off well enough, in a murky corner of State education, with the new master arriving (but in the middle of prayers?) to find a tired headmaster, an atmosphere of the cane and of Hymns Ancient and Modern, and more concern over the lunch-money than anything taught in a classroom. The staff are just managing to hold their own against their pupils; this battle, eventually lost, formed the theme of Mr Croft's novel. The film, however, soon getting no further with it and making no attempt to exercise the screen's capacity to push reality out into streets and homes, begins ladling in the melodrama. Delinquency with a capital D starts to rampage; there's an absurd visit of the new master to the home of a sexy 15-year-old girl; the caning old-timer is absurdly locked up in a lavatory all night; an unjust beating leads to riot; and the radiant end includes Christmas, smiling negroes, the master bully discomfited, and our hero, with a girl on his arm, retreats in blaze of glory. One likes Max Bygraves despite this. Donald Pleasence keeps a spark going in the lowered headmaster, when he doesn't have to cough too much.

All in a Night's Work (Plaza) brings yet another heir to a skyscraper who must marry the girl floors below. Luckily the girl is Shirley MacLaine, such a sweetie that we hardly mind if the scriptwriter has had to fall back on two drunk scenes, one after the other. Direction, by Joseph Anthony, gives it a high finish, as though it were the rival to a Judy Holliday comedy that it ought to be.

'Personal Cinema' at the National Film Institute introduces us to four hopeful amateur attempts: children playing at circus in a barn; a school ballet based on hitherto unpublished music of Tchaikovsky; a Bressonish plea against capital punishment; and a study of a mongol boy. The last, made by Heather Sutton, attempts least and achieves most; one only wishes for more of it. There are quick moments in all the others, but so far Personal Cinema comes nowhere near filling the gap left by Free Cinema.

The death of Gary Cooper removes one whose coy masculinity I found at times less than compelling. Was it he who induced Marlene Dietrich in her first Hollywood role to walk out on high heels into the desert? I recall only her and Sternberg's flickering shadows. But even I remember him in *Sergeant York* and *High Noon*, good films, separated by a decade, in which he played the controlling part. His recent come-back included crawling under tables after a 20-year-old in semi-royal romance, and a wiry assumption of heroism in *They Came to Cordova*, which I found equally distasteful. Behind his charm and skill lay the determination of one of Hollywood's most notorious black-listers, and I should be sorry indeed to accept the *Times* obituarist's headline of him as 'The All-American Hero'. Leslie Howard, the perfect Englishman, may have been mid-European, but at least he hunted no witches.

Quaint Honours

On Wednesday 10 May at 6.30 p.m., in the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, amid 'rustle of frocks and stamping feet', as Mr Auden once put it, the Headmaster 'gave the prizes to the ruined boys'. In the name of the Society Mr R. A. Butler awarded 'a new literary honour': 'This honour, Companion of Literature (C.litt.) to be conferred on writers, men or women, who have brought exceptional distinction to English letters'. The new literary honour 'is limited to no more than ten holders at any time', but 'it is not intended that all ten places should be filled at once'. The Home Secretary declared that 'the Young Idea must be encouraged'; but on the other hand 'we must give credit where credit is due'. And he proceeded to hand over the prizes: the names, in school order, being John Masefield, W. Somerset Maugham, Winston Churchill, E. M. Forster, G. M. Trevelyan. The ruined boys turned out to be very old boys indeed.

Rumour had it that Mr T. S. Eliot had been approached, and had declined the honour; five vacant chairs remained. The Society is playing safe. But then, in nothing that occurred that evening, had the Society been untrue to its history. The Society was founded in 1820 by 'Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St David's.' Its first awards appear to have been entirely characteristic: gold medals were given in 1827, to Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, William Roscoe and Washington Irving. Kipling, Hardy and Shaw have also been 'recipients of this medal'. It has never lent its support to anything that was not well able to dispense with it. It has always, in fact, 'given credit where credit is due'. Like all such institutions it has tried to make respectable what Thomas Mann called 'the most dubious of occupations'.

JOHN MANDER

HUGH THOMAS: THE

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'I have read it from cover to cover with enthralling interest.' *752 pp. 27 plates, 42s*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,630 Set by J. E. Miller

Orwell's *1984* is often said to be based on a Soviet novel of the Twenties by Zamyatin. It has lately been claimed that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* bears a suspicious resemblance to an early story by Ilya Ehrenburg. Competitors are invited to submit an extract (not more than 150 words) from the original Soviet novel plagiarised by one of the following: *The Green Hat, The Forsyte Saga, The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli, Decline and Fall, Brighton Rock, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.* Entries by 30 May.

Result of No. 1,627 Set by Lawrence Benedict

The Vatican has demoted Saint George to a third-class saint (status to be unchanged in Britain). The usual prizes are offered for the footnote on this occurrence (not more than 120 words) due to be included in the chapter on the Macmillan administration in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the British Empire.*

Report

The Saint's demotion was caused by his screening by the CIA, a plot by Father Ryan, Pope John's English teacher, and hagiological plans to make room for Saints de Gaulle, Ike, Gagarin and Mao. A few competitors did not know of Gibbon's own St George ('his employment was mean; he rendered it infamous').

Two guineas each to A. M. Robertson and Richard Gombrich; a guinea to Alberick.

Thus a tutelar saint who had so signally failed, whether by want of power or of inclination, to maintain the prestige of his client-state, and whose festal day even the Catholic apologist Chesterton confesses that Russians and Greeks had been permitted to share, was now rightfully, as most Englishmen deemed, relegated two whole degrees in the hierarchy. But a Minister, who had not been ashamed to publish his own descent from Highland crofters while soliciting the suffrages of the masses on account of the unprecedented affluences of the rich, manifested no such reluctance to accept the continued patronage of a fraudulent provision-merchant.

A. M. Robertson

The small (but increasing) band of faithful bigots living amidst the hordes of semi-pagan Protestants were granted the sop of contemplating in his general decline the undiminished local glory of their national patron; for it was felt that the benefits of a reward for loyalty would outweigh the troubles of a further strain on credulity. So far did the interested pontificate sacrifice even the semblance of a consistent theology on the defiled altar of national pride.

Richard Gombrich

About this time the Vatican decreed a simplification of the Kalendar, by which the festivals of saints are of three categories, those with an octave, those with a Proper only, and a third most numerous class, observed with a bare commemoration. Among these last appeared St George, whether the infamous Arian pork-butcher was intended or the mythical slayer of dragons. (F. Görres. Zeitschr. f. wiss. Theol.xxi. p.454). Pope John, however, whose friendliness for England was signified by his cordial reception of Archbishop Fisher and Queen Elizabeth II, excepted the kingdom which for six centuries had venerated the Great Martyr as Patron. Great Britain, now universally regarded as a second-rate Power, was permitted to honour her knightly Protector as a second-class Saint.

Alberick

LESSON 2

Dog up the wrong tree, Barking Essex.

TREES play an important part in British sport, the most poplar being the Oaks, the Willow and the Ashes. Most British trees are insidious, like the Spreading Chestnut Tree, and when their leaves get browned off, especially round the Mulberry Bush, they all fall down. The British are very fond of Flora of the genus *Guinnessis Goodforia.* (See illustration.)

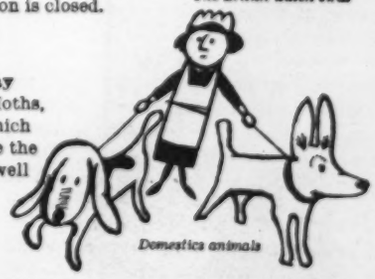
GUINNESS
Flora & Fauna

Forstrengthia Biceps

THE BRITISH are very fond of *Animals.* Animals, too, are very fond of the British. That is why there are very few wild animals in this country. The Britons, however, get very wild sometimes when they cannot get a Guinness because the Bear or the Lion is closed.

The British watch birds

THE BRITISH do not have *Insects* the way some people have insects. They have Moths, which live on holes, and Butterflies, which are collected. The most popular of these are the Red General (*omnibus londinium*), the Bridewell Beauty, and the Antigua Puce.



Domestica animals

The British do not snipe pheasant until October, or the RSPCA grouse.

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I don't think it has ever been denied that Chelsea Flower Show is the finest thing of the kind in the world. And for good reason: no nation has so many gardeners or, certain specialities apart, so much horticultural skill and patience. My own annual visit to the Show entails a yearly crisis of covetousness: I see 100 things I want but can only afford ten. And since, like that rather bad poet, it is nature I love and after nature art, I am sure to be thrown by the spectacle of art skilfully used to improve upon nature's best effects. And then, so many modern plants are artefacts; the orchid-breeders, for example, have created what are virtually new genera.

In self-defence I have taken to watching the Show coldly, for garden history in the making. From quite early times gardening has been greatly influenced by fashion, not only in design but in plants. There was the 17th century Dutch tulip bonanza, when bulbs changed hands for the price of an estate. There was the rise of the daffodil, of the rhododendron, the new kinds of roses, and in every case a proliferation of varieties past counting. I fancy that the next three chapters of garden history may be: The Triumph of Taste; The Rise of the Lily; The Democratisation of the Orchid.

* * *

A gossip of mine tells me of standing, at an international *Floralies*, beside a pundit of French horticulture examining the display put on by a rival nurseryman, and of hearing him murmur: *'Ah, ce pauvre Georges; tant de gout, et tout mauvais.'* I know what he meant; or would have meant had it been an English show. Those massings of overbred and oversized begonias and calceolarias; those colours which one associates not with flowers but with cheap cake-icing; those gigantic delphineums and colossal, blousy dahlias. These unhappy *tours de force* are still with us at Chelsea and perhaps the Show would not be itself without them.

But a walk past the garden design section makes it fairly clear that this kind of thing is finished. There is neither room nor inclination for the herbaceous border. You gape, but you don't buy. By the same token, there is still a movement away from hybrids and towards species; a minority movement, but growing. I think it is led by such gardeners with *tant de gout, tout bon*, as Lady Nicolson and Sir Frederick Stern; and by one or two of the old-established nurserymen who are primarily plantsmen. Hence the increased importance of species tulips, roses, rhododendrons; and of plants hardly touched by the hybridist, such as camassias, asphodels. Tomorrow's garden will have less colour and more form.

* * *

One lily species has been a garden plant for some thousands of years; several for hundreds; the majority for only decades. The genus is traditionally regarded as 'difficult'. But what happened to tulips, roses, daffodils, is now happening to lilium. Relatively few species are brought together from remote places, crossed and recrossed, and give rise to thousands of cultivars. At every Chelsea Show you see more, and more beautiful, hybrid lilies. For we are at the best stage with this genus, the stage of simple hybrids, in which the beauties of compatible species are combined in plants lovelier than nature's and with better garden manners. Canadians, Americans and New Zealanders are foremost in this field. At the moment good hybrid lilies are dear: a good *L. auratum* derivative may cost you a fiver for one bulb. You can pay much more; also much less. Ten years from now there will be scores of easy, robust garden lilies not yet in being, at 'popular' prices and in every colour but blue.

* * *

'Orchids are rich man's plants'. They have been; they no longer necessarily are; they will not be. Every year at Chelsea I linger by the orchid displays and wonder if I can find time for them now, or whether to wait, as I have promised myself, to turn to them as a final pleasure when old age and infirmity prevent me from gardening like a navvy. It is above all the lovely cymbidiums which tempt me. Now cymbidiums, odontaglossums and pleiones, all exquisite and some highly distinguished by form and subtlety of colouring, are cool-house plants, and a cool house is not dear to buy or to run. Moreover, electricity with its accessories, greenhouse automation in the matter of ventilation and watering, makes it possible for the man who can be with his orchids only after working hours, to grow them nevertheless. Cost? I believe that you could set yourself up with a small automated cool-house and a beginner's collection of orchids for about the price of a good TV set.

'Science Notebook', which should have appeared this week, is held till our next issue to enable Edward Hyams to report on the Chelsea Flower Show.

City Lights

TAURUS

The recent dock strike affected only one week of April but held up enough imports to produce the best trade balance since May 1959. Appearances are not to be sneezed at, and the government, with the dockers making the trade figures as meaningless as the central bankers are making the gold figures, will be able to skate comfortably along on instinct for some months to come. But it should be pointed out, before the statisticians get too involved in making allowances for the unallowable, that exports still show little sign of rising and that imports are falling only slightly. The dramatic drop in imports which the government hoped would come to the rescue as soon as industry began to stockpile less vigorously has not yet taken place. Now, with personal consumption steadily recovering it may not take place at all.

The increase in exports which is urgently needed is unlikely to turn up, for all Mr Maudling's speeches, until world trade as a whole begins to expand again; the long drift of the terms of trade in our favour may then stop, and competition is bound to remain much keener than in the past. Britain's surplus on invisible trade – investment and oil income falling, government expenditure rising, shipping in deficit – almost disappeared last year and there is little reason yet to look for an improvement. There is little room at the moment, whatever the fashion in economic chit-chat, for experiments in unilateral free trade; if the steel companies were to be allowed to import cheap US coking coal, for example, the immediate cost to the balance of payments would be £100m a year.

The pound, with the payments deficit persisting, has weakened on the exchanges. Neither the informal agreement between European central bankers, nor the Bernstein plan which seems likely to take its place in the autumn, will allow the government to cash in indefinitely on the international importance of sterling. This Bernstein plan – the essence of which is that the IMF should regularly borrow from surplus and lend to deficit countries, and that everyone should make more regular, casual use of their drawing rights – is only a shadow of the original Keynes plan of 1946, but it could be a great advance on the Jacobssen system if subscriptions and drawing rights are sufficiently large and if the managers of the IMF are prepared to treat creditors and debtors as equally peculiar. The only trouble is that it leaves sterling as an international currency. The government, which recently decided to drop monetary fiddle-faddle and go in for economic growth in the same way as other people were dropping winkle-pickers and going in for square toes, will soon find that the disadvantages of this position are more enduring than the opportunities for blackmail which it provides.

* * *

The government's little advances and withdrawals are maddening Continental journalists and those few members of the House of Commons who are interested, but making very little impression on the General – still the only man who matters. MacEurope is eager enough to strut on to the stage of history but not prepared to pull up the curtain for himself. While he hesitates, the

COMPANY MEETING

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

MR. S. P. CHAMBERS ON TAXATION PROPOSALS

The 34th Annual General Meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on May 18 in London.

Mr. S. P. Chambers, C.B., C.I.E., the chairman, presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

I feel that the Press reports of what we are doing and propose to do at Rotterdam may inadvertently have led to some misunderstanding about the timetable of these developments. After a most thorough examination, we decided that it would be a good, long-term policy to establish ourselves as substantial manufacturers of chemicals within the European Economic Community. Holland is well placed both for manufacturing facilities, including raw materials, and for access to markets. We have therefore taken an option on a lease from the Port Authorities of Rotterdam with the intention of developing this site as opportunity offers in the years to come.

We have come to the conclusion that manufacture on this site is likely to prove sound and profitable whether Britain becomes more closely associated with the European Economic Community or not.

Nearly £40 million of capital expenditure was sanctioned during 1960; already in 1961, we have approved the expenditure of a further £45 million. This is some indication of the large developments which are now in hand although it will be some time before the expenditure on these new projects will be completed.

In the first half of 1960 our sales were particularly buoyant. So far sales in 1961 are about equal in volume to those in the corresponding period of 1960 but profit margins are likely to be kept down by competition both at home and overseas. The new capital issue of one share for every £20 of ordinary stock held was a most successful operation and the Company's capital and reserves have been increased as a consequence by a sum of £34 million.

BUDGET TAX PROPOSALS

The Chancellor's action in raising the effective starting point for surtax on earned income to £5,000 is bold and imaginative.

I am less happy about other proposals in this Budget. Profits tax which is payable in addition to income tax and is not allowed as a deduction in arriving at the profits to be charged to income tax falls entirely upon the profits belonging to ordinary stockholders and some of us have been campaigning for years for the abolition of this tax on enterprise.

Another bad feature of this year's Budget is the tax on fuel oil. This tax, coming after Ministerial statements that they would let consumers, and particularly industrial consumers, have an unfettered choice of fuels and would not seek to protect the coal industry by taxing oil, has come as a surprise and a deep disappointment.

At a time when British industry is being urged to reduce costs, this direct addition to costs will be a serious blow to the competitive power of substantial sections of British industry, both in its export trade and in the home market where the competitive power of British industry against foreign imports is just as important as exports.

I believe that the Company's strength and technical developments at the present time are such that we can hold our own and make substantial further progress both at home and overseas in the rest of 1961 and in the years to come.

The report was adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

LONDON AND MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

RECORD NEW BUSINESS AND RECORD BONUSES

PREMIUM INCOME NOW EXCEEDS £8 MILLIONS

The 92nd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of London and Manchester Assurance Company Limited was held on May 10 in London.

The RIGHT HON. LORD GRANTCHESTER, O.B.E., M.A., F.C.I.I., the chairman, who presided said:—

Board Changes

Since the last annual general meeting, the Right Honourable Peter Thorneycroft has resigned his directorship of the Company because of his appointment as Minister of Aviation. Although his association with the Company was a comparatively short one, we are very glad to have had the benefit of his wide experience, and we appreciated the manner in which he enjoyed meeting the staff, so that all who came in contact with him came to look upon him as friend.

The Right Honourable Nigel Birch, who held office as Economic Secretary to the Treasury in 1957/8, was appointed to the Board in August, 1960, and I am sure you will extend to him a very warm welcome. In accordance with article 87, he will offer himself for re-election at this meeting.

Record New Business and Record Bonuses

The Directors' Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1960, have been in your hands for some time, and I presume that, following the usual procedure, you will allow me to take them as read.

I am pleased to be able to report that, in the year under review, we wrote a record amount of new business in both life branches, and the total figure of new sums assured at £17,600,000 exceeded that of the previous year by more than £2½ millions.

The total premium income in the two branches advanced by £500,000 and exceeded £8 millions.

The premium income of our special Investment Trust Retirement Annuity business continues to expand and the fund now stands at over £1½ million.

The rate of reversionary bonus allocated to Ordinary Branch with profits policies is £2 10s. 0d.%, the highest in the history of the Company, and the bonuses granted to Industrial Branch policyholders are also the best we have ever declared. For the first time the cost of the normal annual bonuses granted to Ordinary and Industrial Branch policyholders exceeds £2 millions.

Investments

Investments increased during the year by over £6 millions. This included an increase of £1,340,000 in mortgages on property, and £470,000 in mortgages on shares. This latter reflects the growth of the Company's unique Endowment Share Purchase Plan which we are glad to see is being well supported. Fixed interest securities increased by rather more than £4 millions, including an increase of £1 million in first-class debentures and preference shares.

The selection of investments has continued to be based upon the merits and suitability of each individual security. The market value of stock exchange securities at 31st December, 1960, considerably exceeded their book value, though to a less marked extent than last year.

The gross rate of interest earned on the funds again shows a reasonable increase and reviewing our investment portfolio I think we may confidently expect that the rate earned will increase considerably in the next few years.

Dividend

When the capitalisation was approved at our last annual meeting, the Directors forecast an amount available for dividend this year at least equal to last year's transfer to Profit and Loss Account, plus interest earned on the increased capital. The amount we have been able to transfer this year exceeds this forecast and enables us to recommend a distribution for the year of 2s. 8.25d. per share, free of tax, which compares with the equivalent of 2s. 4.5d. per share paid last year.

The Future

Looking at the wider picture, although in general retail prices have remained reasonably stable during the past year, this is due to the fact that increasing costs were absorbed in the increase in production.

With the continuing pressure on resources exercised by our ruling authorities, we cannot be free from the fear of further inflation, which is a menace to all who save. We hope that the considerable Budget surplus above the line will demonstrate our determination to pay our way and help maintain confidence in sterling.

We welcome the promised enquiry into possible economies in public administration. A major review of policy is required to hold the total of public expenditure within a more reasonable limit.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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hundred-headed opposition is organising: it is not inconceivable that MacEurope may yet achieve unwittingly what Britain was long thought to be deliberately plotting – the frustration of the European impulse towards unity. Meantime, the mood of increasingly urgent uncertainty is paralysing decision and causing tremendous economic harm at home. The government can use the European unknown as a pretext for not thinking, not only about great issues like the bomb and the balance of payments, but about the SCOW application to import US coal. The better half of private industry can make no sensible decisions about investment and export policy, while the worse half, the Lancashire cotton industry, for example, can put off decisions about re-equipment in the hope that Europe will save it from the full force of competition from Hong-Kong. The teasing has gone on for too long already, whether or not the politicians realise it. Either there is a definite statement within the next few months or the western economic bubble may collapse.

★ ★ ★

Building societies are threatening to put up their mortgage rates later in the year. The immediate trouble is not so much competition for funds – though the demand for mortgages is still much greater than the supply – as the fact that the margin between lending and borrowing rates, after meeting tax and working expenses, is already small and likely to become smaller: building societies have to keep their reserves rising as fast as their assets if they are to qualify for trustee status and respectability, and this is not easy for a rapidly-expanding society under present conditions. They are pressing, without much hope, on the Finance Bill for relief from the increase in profits tax on the ground that they are non-profit-making bodies. Unless the government wishes to subsidise home-ownership in a trivial and messy way, it can only answer that this claim must hang on a thorough reform of the tax treatment of building societies. The fact that they are allowed to offer tax-free dividends and pay an average rate of tax to the Inland Revenue may already mean that the cost of house-purchase is being subsidised by those who can least afford it.

Company News

Granada, which had forecast a sharp increase in profits as a result of the end of its networking agreement with A-R, has raised its interim from 16 2/3 to 45 per cent.

Spicers, the paper firm, has paid a higher dividend than forecast and increased its trading profit by 11 per cent, despite the sale of a majority of subsidiary to Wiggins Teape.

Boots has increased its net profit by 17 per cent and raised its dividend from 10½ to 12 per cent – not enough to satisfy those who remembered the marvellous results of the previous year.

On the bid front, *Bass* and *Mitchells & Butler* are merging to become the third biggest brewery group. *Thorn* is buying *Ultra's* TV and radio interests for £2.4m, which leaves Ultra in a position about which its shareholders would like to know more. *AB Foods* is bidding for the rest of *Hemmings*, and *Transport Development* is making a generous bid for *Beck & Pollitzer*.

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The Chess Board

No. 601 David and Goliath

Apart from 'Cinderella', I doubt if there is any story-theme as invariably popular as the one of the little man smiting the giant. Such universal predilection for the underdog is creditable, and to see him win is all the more pleasing as, inevitably, it involves the triumph of brain over brawn; spirit over matter; quality over quantity; or whichever way we wish to indicate so desirable an achievement. A certainly symbolises the idea almost perfectly, for Black still has all his bits and pieces. Admittedly, they aren't very well posted, and the position may be considered somewhat cramped. Even so, Black has the maximum force available, and White is to defeat him with the minimum possible force. What matters is so to place the White King and a White pawn as to mate the Black giant in a mere two moves. While this is quite a bargain for 5 ladder-points my offer of 6 for B may just be the fair rate for the job. No diagram required. Just put up the basic position, and then contrive a mate in 5, to be inflicted by the White QR. Needless to say, so improbable a result could not be achieved but for some willing and useful cooperation on Black's part. C is a win for White which would seem to be easy enough. But, alas, there are some nasty conditions attached. The mate – and it takes all of nine moves – is to be inflicted by the RP, and neither the White K nor the Kt at b3 are to stir from their posts. While competitors may well wonder if, on a sunny Whit-Sunday there isn't some easier way of earning 7 ladder-points, my offer of 8 for D seems generous enough. This is the suimate customary in a Bank Holiday week, and while it isn't exactly child's play it isn't particularly difficult either; the less so with my useful hint that in a brilliant key-move the White K seems to be running away from battle. White forces Black to mate him in 4.

A. Leo Löwy 1919

C: W. Bone 1919

D: W.A.Shinkman 1929

E: Jenö Ban 1959

F: P. Farago 1935

In rating E (a draw) and F (a win) as highly as 9 and 10 points I feel quite generous when adding the hint that E has a beautiful 'echo' while F had better find us in a cheerfully sacrificial mood. Usual prizes. Entries by 29 May.

REPORT on No. 598 Set 28 April

Blandford: 1) Rh1,Ra5; 2) Kg3 ch,Rh5; 3) Rh5: ch,Kh5:; 4) fg: ch,Kr6; 5) Kb4,Qa4; 6) a3,c5; 7) Bb1,Qc4; 8) Bf5,Qa4; 9) Bd3 etc.
Allan: 1) Ktc5 ch,Kd5; 2) Ktd7 ch,Ke6(best); 3) Ra6 ch,Kf5; 4) Rf6 ch,Ke4(best); 5) Re6 ch,Kd4; 6) Rd6 ch etc.
Ewing: 1) Kh3!(Bf5?), Ke7; 2) Bf5!, gf:; 3) h5,Ktc8; 4) c5,Kf6; 5) Kh4,Kte7; 6) h3,Ktg6; 7) hg:,h5; 8) Kh5:,Kg7; 9) Kh4 etc.
Lighton: 1) 1) Ra7:,Ra7:; 2) Rb8 ch,Qb8:; 3) Qh1 ch,Kg8; 4) Qh7 ch,Kf8; 5) Qh8 ch,Ke7; 6) Qb8:,Ra4(a6); 7) Qe5 ch,Kf8; 8) Qf5: ch,Ke8(e7); 9) Qf7 ch etc.

Some bouquets for Blandford. Prizes: C. Endfield, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF NIGERIA

DIRECTOR OF INLAND WATERWAYS

The Federal Government of Nigeria has a vacancy for Director of the Inland Waterways Department. He will be responsible to the Minister of Transport for the administration and conservancy of all Federal and Inter-Regional Waterways throughout Nigeria and the implementation of all policies relating to the development of such waterways.

Candidates must possess either a recognised Civil Engineering Degree or a Ministry of Transport qualification and should have had several years of experience in a responsible administrative capacity with a similar organisation or a Government Department. Applicants must be between 45 and 60 years of age.

Contract appointment for two tours of 12 months each in the first instance. Salary fixed at £2,976 plus a gratuity of £150 per annum for satisfactory service.

Home leave on full pay. Free passages for Officer and wife. Family allowances whilst separated. Income tax at low local rate. Quarters at low rent.

Candidates should write for application forms and further particulars, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Recruitment Attaché, Nigeria High Commission, 9 Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2.

GHANA

VACANCIES IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND TEACHER TRAINING COLLEGES

Many vacancies exist in Government-Assisted Secondary Schools and some in Teacher Training Colleges for graduates of recognised universities to teach Mathematics, Science, French, English, or Geography. Other degree subjects are acceptable if offered in combination with any of the above. Opportunities for Sixth Form work exist in certain schools. Training College appointments are mainly in English and Science. Graduates in their Diploma year are invited to apply. Salary: With Diploma or Certificate £1,140-£1,640 p.a. Untrained £1,040-£1,540 p.a. Occasional vacancies in Higher Posts at £1,590-£2,010 p.a.

Appointments are on contract for 2-3 tours: a first tour of 22 months is followed by one or two tours of 10 months each. Six days leave for each month of service. Increments awarded for approved teaching experience. Resettlement grant of £150 p.a. Air passages provided for teacher, wife and up to three children under 18 years. Education allowance of £100 p.a. for each child up to a maximum of three attending full-time schools outside Ghana. Income tax at low local rates. Government-approved accommodation with basic furniture provided at low rental (£60 p.a. on salaries up to £1,280). Free medical attention for teacher and family. Preservation of superannuation or pension rights may be arranged.

The vacancies exist in a variety of institutions large and small, boys, girls and mixed situated in urban and rural areas. Education in Ghana is forward-looking and teaching provides a stimulating experience in a progressive community.

Application forms, further information and details of vacancies, are obtainable from The Director of Recruitment, Ghana High Commission, 248 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Chair of English Language and Literature

Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of English Language and Literature which will become vacant on 30 September next.

Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by 10 June 1961

MIDLAND Nerve Hospital, Elvetham Road, Birmingham, 15 (United Birmingham Hospitals). Psychiatric Social Worker required for this active Teaching Hospital. Whitley Council pay and conditions. Please apply to the Acting Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GHANA CIVIL SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified teachers for the posts of EDUCATION OFFICERS in the MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, GHANA. Successful applicants will be required to teach in Government Secondary Schools and Training Colleges.

Qualifications: Degree of recognised university and post-graduate certificate or diploma in education; or degree of recognised university and not less than two years approved teaching experience. Science graduates are particularly required. Salary in range £1,040-£1,540 p.a. according to experience.

Appointments are on contract for two tours each of 15-18 months duration. Leave at the rate of six days for each completed month. Resettlement grants and allowances for children not resident in Ghana. Accommodation with basic furniture provided at low rental. Preservation of superannuation or pension rights may be arranged.

Additional information may be obtained from The Director of Recruitment, Ghana High Commission, 248 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1, to whom all applications should be addressed.

NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC

Prince of Wales Road, London, NW5.

Department of Child Care and Social Studies

The Governing Body invite applications for the post of Assistant Tutor (man or woman) to the Home Office Child Care Course to train adult students for the residential care of children and young people in Children's Homes, Hostels, Special Schools and Approved Schools. Experience in residential and/or field work in a Children's Department essential. Some teaching experience desirable. The vacancy is due to the re-organisation of the Department. Duties to commence on 1 Sept. 1961.

Salary: Burnham Technical Grade 'B' within the range £788 to £1,201, plus allowances for Degree, training and appropriate experience.

Application form and particulars of the post may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors at the above address, and should be returned not later than 5 June 1961.

BROOKWOOD HOSPITAL, KNAPHILL, WOKING

Applications are invited for a PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER at this hospital accommodating 1,850 psychiatric patients.

Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants should hold the Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) or the Certificate for Psychiatric Social Worker of the Universities of Edinburgh, Liverpool or Manchester.

Possession of car an advantage. Car allowance payable.

Conditions of Service will be as recommended by Professional and Technical A. Whitley Council.

Applications giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees should be sent to the Group Secretary before 22 May 1961.

THE UNITED CAMBRIDGE HOSPITALS and the FULBOURN & RIVERSFIELD GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of SOCIAL WORKER at the above hospitals. The successful applicant will work in the Joint Psychiatric Service at the Social Work Departments of Addenbrooke's and Fulbourn Hospitals. The Psychiatric Service is comprehensive in its scope and covers the City of Cambridge and a large area in neighbouring counties. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service.

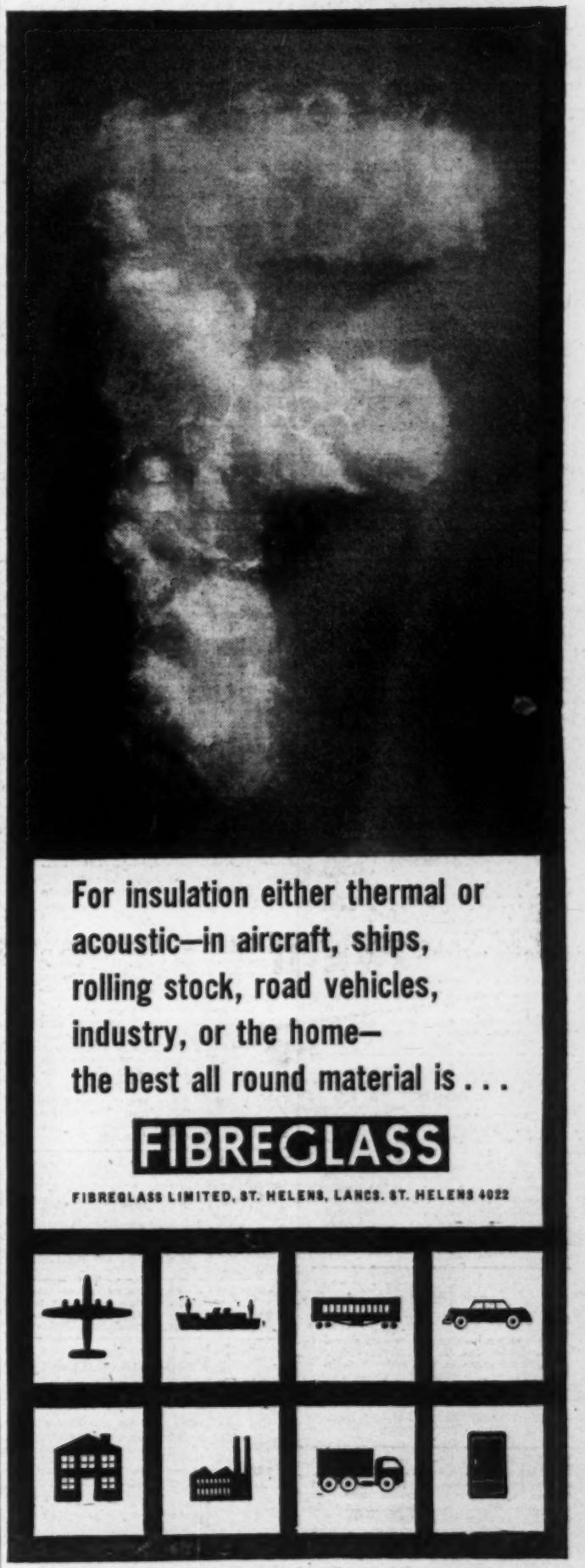
Applications stating age, education, qualifications and experience with names of three referees to the Group Secretary, Fulbourn Hospital, Nr Cambridge, by 29 May 1961.

SCOTLAND

NOTRE DAME CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary according to Whitley Council and post superannuable. Generous holidays. Application to the Director, Notre Dame Child Guidance Clinic, 20 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, W2.

BOYS Preparatory School (numbers 50) require Lady/Cook/Caterer now or Sept. Excellent salary, holidays, free education for one boy offered. Mrs Jarrett, Cotsbrook Hall, Shifnal, Salop.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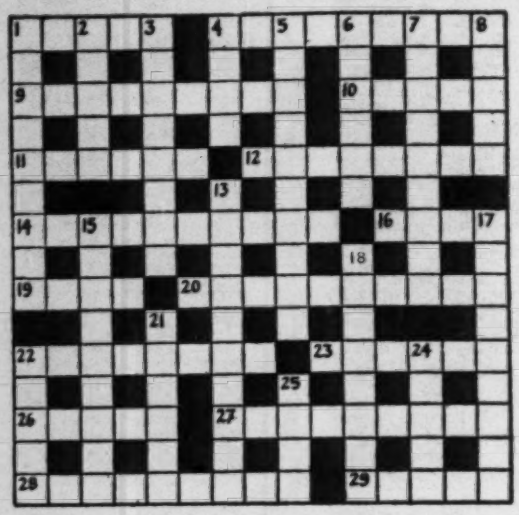
Week-end Crossword 458

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 458, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 30 May.



ACROSS

1. Count half of them an object of superstition (5).
4. Hills for retirement (9).
9. Latin made complicated in strata (9).
10. The deity finds success unstarted and a different result unfinished (5).
11. 'What's to come is still ——' (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
12. If a hundred and fifty left the resort, it would be beautiful (8).
14. Press cited possibly for contempt (10).
16. Times a backward view is taken about verse (4).
19. Direction of entertainments without start or finish (4).
20. Instrument for the captain to beat (10).
22. Working woman cautious about her boy (8).
23. Flourished before exam of botanical interest (6).
26. Country in which a number follow one girl (5).
27. Where the lookout will get a bird's-eye view? (9).
28. Law-giver makes king and relatives come between father and child (9).
29. Polish suburb (5).

DOWN

1. Place of a reversed chance on the pool (9).
2. Paper you fear in a foreign language (5).
3. Small parties do without it in part of London (8).
4. 'Bells in your parlours wild —— in your kitchens' (*Othello*) (4).
5. Coarse deployment of nice detail (10).
6. A woman replaces the end of this to steal (6).
7. Make a fresh hand-out concerning the rise of the insulted (9).
8. This side is always out of view (5).
13. Supplements for a very quiet finale with refreshments (10).
15. Use trains altered for the supporter (9).
17. Bob and I split about the politician as a fool (9).
18. Practical people want a revision of last rise (8).
21. Former pupils united in Milan dispersed (6).
22. Make a noise while having tea with a politician (5).
24. Magistrate concerned with the first offender (5).
25. Continue as a comic (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 456

C	A	M	P	A	N	I	L	E		P	U	T	U	P
O		O		S		M		L		I		R		E
M	A	N	E	S		A	W	E	S	T	R	U	C	K
I		O		A		G		C		L		C		I
C	A	M	E	M	B	E	R	T		O	C	E	A	N
		A						O		C				G
L	A	N	D	R	O	V	E	R		H	A	S	T	E
I		I		E		E		A		R		L		S
G	R	A	S	P		R	E	L	A	Y	R	A	C	E
H				A		D				T				
T	A	P	E	R		I	M	P	E	R	F	E	C	T
W	E		A		G		I		O		C		A	
A	L	D	E	B	A	R	A	N		M	I	L	E	R
V		R		L		I		C		E		U		R
E	V	O	K	E		S	C	H	O	O	L	B	O	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 456

C. S. Wilson (Nottingham)
J. H. Prevett (Redhill)
Stewart Fergusson (Pitlochry)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON PROBATION SERVICE

Applications invited from men and women over age 28 for appointment in October as probation officers in Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts area. Social work or other relevant experience essential; social science or other university qualification an advantage. Salary £845 a year at 28, £875 at age 29 or over, rising by annual increments to £1,070. Training given during the first year of service. Further particulars and application form from Probation Division, (Room 432(L)), Home Office, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, SW1. Last day for applications – 12 June 1961.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for new appointments as social workers at HM Prisons Norwich, Oxford and Pentonville. Adequate experience in a similar capacity is essential and a social studies qualification is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. Pentonville post carries additional London weighting of £40.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 31 May 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

GLENSIDE AND BARROW HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of PRINCIPAL PSYCHOLOGIST to take charge of the Department of Experimental and Clinical Psychology, Barrow Hospital, near Bristol. Salary and Conditions of Service as prescribed by the Whitley Council for the Health Services. Further details may be obtained from the Secretary, Glenside Hospital, Stapleton, Bristol, to whom applications with names of three referees, should be sent by 6 June 1961.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHAMPTON

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Applications invited appointment of Psychiatric Social Workers. Clinic associated with Social Casework (generic) Course at Southampton University. Mental Health Certificate necessary. Students completing training considered. Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

FAMILY Service Units, with 14 Units in London and provincial cities, will shortly have vacancies for both men and women caseworkers for families in need of long-term help. Salaries range from £625-£850 p.a. and upwards for senior workers. Additional inf. from Secretary, Family Service Units, 36 St Mary's Grove, Ldn, N1.

IF you are a teacher of languages and interested in language tuition for direct commercial use, you may wish to join the staff of a new Secretarial Training Centre opening in London in September. Box 3078.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WALTHAMSTOW COMMITTEE FOR EDUCATION

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER required at Walthamstow Child Guidance Centre. There are two teams, and generous secretarial help. The person appointed will be expected to work in one of these teams in close co-operation with the psychiatrist and child therapist. Good opportunities for intensive casework. Locums considered, and applications will be accepted from students now in training at the Mental Health Course. Whitley Council salary and London Weighting.

Applications with full details of training, qualifications and experience should be sent to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, Walthamstow, E17.

THE COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY LTD

have vacancies for:

1. Full-time or part-time typists, to prepare copy from cataloguers' drafts. Typing experience in a library or bookshop would be an advantage.
2. Full-time or part-time assistants to alphabetise and prepare 'paste-ups' of pages for the 1955-59 Cumulation. Library experience would be an advantage.
3. Full-time clerical assistants in the Printed Card Service to print, sort and dispatch printed catalogue cards.
4. Full-time typists with minimum speed of 40 words a minute to train as Varityper Line Composer operators.

Write for details of any of these posts to the General Editor, The British National Bibliography Limited, The British Museum, London, WC1.

RESIDENT Male Assistant Warden (single), Home Office Approved Probation Hostel, Bristol, for 24 boys, 15 to 18. General supervision, games; handicrafts desirable. Salary Home Office Scale £550 x £25 to £650, less £120 emoluments. Apply by letter with recent testimonials, names of three referees, stating age, qualifications, experience, to Miss Davis, 106 Pembroke Road, Bristol, 8.

RESIDENT Holiday Host or Hostess reqd from early June to late September for British holiday groups in Switzerland. Knowledge German essential. Box 2828.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Chair of German. Applications are invited for the newly-established Chair of German. The staff of the Department comprises at present one Reader, two Lecturers and one Tutor. The salary now attached to the Chair is £A4,000, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Salaries are at present under review by a committee appointed by the Australian Universities Commission. The University has a liberal Study Leave scheme. Candidates are invited to obtain from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, a general statement about the Chair and formal terms of appointment. Full particulars of arrangements available for house-purchase finance may be obtained from the Registrar. The University will gladly supply further information on request to the Registrar. Applications (in duplicate) should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 30 June 1961.

KING Alfred School, North End Road, London, NW11. Headmaster required in September 1962 to work with a Co-Head in this independent, co-educational day school (recognised by the Ministry of Education) where exceptional opportunities exist for development and expansion of academic and creative work over a wide age range up to University. Apply before 15 June with refs to Roderick Garrett, Chairman of Council, 28 Southwood Lane, Highgate, N6.

LECTURERS wanted. Occasional Lectures. Schools, Clubs, etc. Moderate fees. Experts prefd – any subject. Box 2957.

Probation Advisory and Training Board

TRAINING FOR PROBATION WORK IN LONDON

A two year course of whole-time training will begin in September 1961, for persons not less than 25 years of age who wish to qualify for employment as probation officers in London.

The course combines theoretical instruction at the Regent Street Polytechnic with practical work in the field, and will lead to the External Diploma in Social Studies of London University.

In addition to the personal qualities required for work as a probation officer, applicants should have the academic qualifications necessary for admission to the University of London.

Further information and application forms from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, (Room 440), Home Office, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, SW1. Closing date for applications: 12 June 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Chair of Chinese Studies. The University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur is to establish a Department of Chinese Studies and applications are invited for the Chair. The person appointed is to set up the Department of Chinese Studies which is to be established on lines proposed by the Board of Chinese Studies. Particulars of the report would be available to intending applicants. Candidates offering themselves for this Chair should be able to present evidence of the fact that they are outstanding scholars in Chinese Studies in one or more of the following fields: Language and Literature, Cultural History, Sociology, Anthropology, Linguistics, Art and Archaeology especially with reference to South East Asia. They must be proficient in English and must have had experience in teaching and research at University level. Administrative experience will be an added advantage. There is a range of basic salaries, to one of which a Professor is appointed, depending on his qualifications and experience. These are: £2,268, £2,338, £2,408, £2,478 and £2,548 per annum. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and application forms should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Kuala Lumpur and London, is 30 June 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Department of English. Applications are invited for a Lectureship/Assistant Lectureship in the Department of English, with particular reference to 19th and 20th Century English Literature. Candidates should have a good Honours degree or equivalent qualification in English Literature. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 x 49 – 1,442/1,540 x 56 – 1,820 and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 x 49 – 1,099 per annum. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and application forms should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Kuala Lumpur and London, on 10 June 1961.

UNIVERSITY College of Ghana. University Bookshop. Applications are invited from Ghanaians for the post of Manager-in-training on a salary of £G1,000 per annum. Candidates should have good commercial experience and a knowledge of books. Preference will be given to graduates. On satisfactory completion of his training, the successful candidate will be appointed Manager of the Bookshop on the salary scale £G1,200 x 50 – £G1,600 per annum. Applications (six copies), giving full details of training and experience and naming three referees, to be sent before 5 June 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (London), University College of Ghana, 15 Gordon Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MANAGER reqd by lively C. of E. monthly newspaper in Birmingham for administrative and advertising work. Good educational background essential. Salary not less than £650 p.a. Write immed.: Box 2946.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Prehistory. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post in the Department of Anthropology. No previous experience or detailed knowledge of Pacific archaeology is required, but the successful applicant will be expected, after appointment, to take an active interest in research in this field. The salary scale is £1,250 rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75 each. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 July 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Exeter. Assistant Tutor for Graduate Course in Social Work. (Second advertisement). Applications are invited from graduates who are also professionally trained in social work, for the above-mentioned post in the Faculty of Social Studies. The successful candidate will be required to share in the teaching of Social Administration and casework in the two existing courses for undergraduates and diploma students respectively, and in the new course for graduates. This course will be arranged in association with the Central Training Council in Child Care (Home Office). The salary, depending on qualifications and experience, will be on the scale £1,050 x £50 - £1,400 x £75 - £1,475, and the appointment will be for three years initially. Further particulars and conditions from the Secretary of the University. Closing date for applicns (9 copies) 12 June 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the Chair of Economic History. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary not less than £2,600 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications (twenty copies), giving full details of qualifications, publications, experience, etc. and the names and addresses of at least three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Overseas candidates may submit one copy of their application.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts at the grades of Lecturer and Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Drama which has been recently established in the Faculty of Arts. Preference will be given to candidates with practical as well as academic training in theatre and its allied arts. Duties to commence on 1 October 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Salary scales: Lecturer, £1,050 to £1,850 per annum; Assistant Lecturer, £800 to £950 per annum; initial salary (at Lecturer grade) and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications must be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and forms of appln may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for a post at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scale £800 x £50 to £950 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) "will shortly make two appointments in the Department of French. Duties to commence 1 October 1961. (1) Assistant Lecturer, with special interest in 17th or 18th century literature; initial salary within range £800-£950 p.a., plus £60 p.a. London allowance, according to qualifications and experience; superannuation and family allowance. (2) Research Assistant (part-time), with research experience in the field of Old French; salary £570 p.a. Applications, to be received by 5 June 1961, should be sent to the Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutor required for North Yorkshire (Dales area). Salary scale £900 to £1,500. Starting salary according to age, qualifications, etc. Superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates with organising ability and able to conduct classes in one or more of the subjects appropriate to liberal adult education. Further details and application form from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

EXPANDING community near Sevenoaks, established ten years, seek mature and capable person, age 22-35 to help care for group of 15 children. Possibility of accommodation for own child. Should be willing to work in other departments of organisation. Training as nursery nurse or children's club worker prefd. Exper. in teaching, nursing or social work an advantage. Write: Secretary, St Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

COMPETENT typist - married woman about 35 with children - able reply readers' queries on health matters. Popular women's magazine. TEM. 4362, ext. 52.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Report Writers (British) for Monitoring Service near Reading to work under general direction of Chief and Senior Report Writers in preparation of the Summary of World Broadcasts. Candidates must have knowledge and understanding of international affairs and ability to prepare for publication, in the Summary, objective and accurate reports covering political, economic and other subjects from a large volume of material transcribed from foreign broadcasts, in particular from USSR, Eastern Europe, Far and Middle East, and Africa. Specialist knowledge of one of these areas and/or economic and scientific background an advantage. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.213 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Reporter in News Division with journalistic experience, good news sense, wide knowledge of current affairs and ability to write accurate, concise reports for bulletins and to broadcast their own reports in Sound and Television. Possibility of short-term assignments abroad. Preferred age 25 to 45. Staff experience (newspaper or BBC) as a reporter an additional qualification. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.210 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producer (Films) in Belfast. Duties include advising Television Producers on film matters, directing film sequences for programmes covering a wide range of subjects and origination and execution of telefilm projects. Also responsible for giving professional supervision to cameramen, editors, and recordists and generally maintaining standards of operational work in all film processes. This demands imaginative origination of ideas, wide experience of film editing and ability to execute documentary themes. Knowledge of Northern Ireland desirable. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.212 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

WILLIAM Temple College, Rugby. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant from men and women, not over forty years of age, with good academic qualifications who would be interested to further the educational work of this College of Adult Education on a Christian foundation. Applicants should be members of one of the branches of the Christian Church. The duties would include the organisation of courses and conferences for those engaged in the social administration, industry and commerce, education, and the work of the organised churches. Previous social or industrial work and/or experience in organising courses would be an asset. Secretarial qualifications would be an advantage but not essential: secretarial assistance is available. The post is residential and should start as soon as possible after 1 September 1961. The salary and conditions of service will be on a similar basis to university employment. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal. Applications, together with three testimonials and the names of three referees, should reach the Principal by 9 June.

INTERNATIONAL Planned Parenthood Federation. Regional Director required for SE Asia based on Singapore. Responsibilities will include public relations, assistance to national associations, liaison with Ministry of Health and administration of Regional Office and funds. Salary according to qualifications plus adequate expenses. Preference will be given to applicants who have strong local connections. Applications from men are encouraged. Interviews will be in London, first week June. Please write immediately to IPPF, 69 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

GLAMORGAN County Council require Home Teacher of the Blind to serve in the Aberdare Area of the County: Salary, if possessing Certificate of College of Home Teachers of the Blind, on Grade APT I (£645-£815 per annum). Consideration will also be given to applicants (over age 21 years) not so qualified, for appointment as Trainees for a period of approximately 2 years; continued employment conditional upon obtaining Home Teachers' Certificate in that period. Commencing salary during training £420-£630 or £710 according to age and GCE qualifications, progressing upon qualifying to Grade APT I. Application forms and further details from Director of Welfare Services, County Hall, Cardiff. Closing date 1 June 1961. Richard John, Clerk of the County Council.

ST MARGARET'S School, Stockland, Bridgwater. Urgently required by the above School/Children's Home catering for maladjusted children. Qualified teacher to teach class of approximately twelve children. Salary £600 per annum plus full board and lodging. Applications to the Principals.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Qualified Psychiatric Social Workers required as members of mental health social worker teams in the nine health divisions of the County. Duties of teams include all aspects of community care work for the mentally ill and mentally sub-normal. Psychiatric social workers as members of a team will have special responsibility for individual casework demanding their qualifications. Interesting positions with ample scope in a developing service. Whitley salary and conditions. Loan assistance available for purchase of cars by staff authorised to use them for official purposes. Particulars and form from Medical Officer of Health, (D.1/N/1318/5), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 5 June.

GULBENKIAN Foundation Scholarships at Hillcroft College available for the year's residential course beginning October 1961. Open to women between about 32 and 42 who need general education and refreshment to prepare for vocational training as teachers, social workers, etc. School Certificate not necessary, but candidates should have done useful service in their jobs, worthwhile voluntary work, carried family responsibility or travelled enterprisingly; and have read widely or attended adult classes. Other grants available for younger women and those seeking liberal education without wanting professional training afterwards. Apply at once to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. (Tel. King's Langley 2505) requires experienced matron and/or assistant matron for co-educational boarding hostel (children 12-18 years) to commence Autumn term 1961. Pleasant country surroundings, 21 miles from London.

EDUCATED woman with Jewish background wanted for organisation which helps enterprising young people learning to fit themselves for community service here and abroad. Good shorthand and typing essential. A little evening committee work but much free time. Excellent salary. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHAncery 8217.

YWCA, London. Trained Youth Leaders required. Opportunities for experiment, development, on the job training and consultation with other leaders on trends in youth work. Write Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, London, W1.

ORGANISING secretary required, able to work independently. Typing and good English composition essential. Shorthand an advantage. Apply to The Jewish Agency, Youth & Hechalutz Department, 217/219 Tottenham Court Road, W1. (LAN. 4661).

PRIMAVERA requires Secretary for their Contract Company with individual taste and personality who would enjoy working on planning furnishing of Universities, Schools and other Public Buildings. Telephone for appointment FREmantle 5011 after 24 May. Primavera (Contracts) Ltd, 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

SHORTHAND/typist (18-20) required by scientific society. High speeds of less importance than good education, adaptability and commonsense. Starting salary according to qualifications with prospects of rapid advancement on merit. Existing holiday commitments honoured. Applications to: Assistant Secretary, Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, W1.

JUNIOR Secretary required for Editorial Department of architectural journal. Varied duties which include working for the News Editor. Shorthand-typing essential. Please write giving details of experience, age and salary required to Box 2988.

SHORTHAND-typist with initiative and energy required by Student Travel Department Travel Agency Bayswater. Fluent French indispensable. 'Phone Miss Beresford, BAY. 6278.

PART-time secretary 3 afternoons p.w. Interest & integrity essen. RIV. 6900.

TEMPORARY Secretary required for interesting post week commencing 23 May. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0677.

IF you have worked in offices handling clerical and accounting routines; have a sound business and academic education; and an elementary knowledge of statistical method, you may wish to join the staff of a new Secretarial Training Centre opening in London in September, full- or part-time. We will train you to teach. Box 3079.

SHORTHAND-Typist required. Interesting work connected with Women's Organisation. 9.30-5.30. 5-day week. Apply Secretary, London Labour Party, Herbert Morrison House, 195 Walworth Rd, SE17.

HAVE you got a driving licence and the qualifications for a Personal Secretary? If so, get in touch with Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1. HOLborn 0390.

SECRETARY, 25/30, for publisher, SW1. Salary £12/£15. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, London, W1. HUN. 0676.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Ward Aides required. Applicants should be of good appearance, well-spoken and used to answering the telephone. 42 hours per week. No evening duties. Apply to Matron.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

BUILDER requires Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Unilateralist not objected to, but accent is on efficiency, not ideology. WILlesden 3542.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist for London office of American show-business newspaper. Knowledge of show business an advantage. Good salary and conditions. Letters only to 'Variety', 49 St James's Street, London, SW1.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL cook / caterer wanted, 6 weeks (29 July-12 September). Cornish coast; maximum 20 people. Free travel and board (camp), £5 weekly. Driving licence, some experience, essential. Box 3094.

COUNTRY position June-Sept., helping lady, 60, recovering from broken leg. Easy to run bungalow in lovely part of Essex, 70 minutes Liverpool Street. Please write: Holt, 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE (m.), pleasing personality, seeks any post out of London. Now-Sept., possibly permanent. Box 2975.

BILINGUAL sec. sh./typist, English-German, good knowledge French, sks suitable post, West End pref. Box 3058.

B. Sc. (Econ.), (Hons), 33, some pre-university social/case work, teaching exper. sks part-time social work. Good refs. Mrs Squibb, 15 Willows Ave, Morden, Sy.

CIVIL Servant, woman executive, retiring soon, seeks post London. Wide experience, active, responsible, keen worker. Free July. Box 3154.

FUTURE medical student (f.), desires travel, July beginning August. Would help with children. Box 2925.

CULTURED ex-headmistress seeks wardenship of College hostel, London or South or West. Box 2914.

MAN, 40's, shorthand-typist, driver, domesticated, gardener, seeks position London or Home Counties. Box 2787.

STUDENT (girl, 19) sks work July-Sept. Anything legal considered. Box 2878.

OVERPAID, underworked journalist (f., 27) would like to put high IQ to worthwhile use. Salary secondary to job satisfaction. Part-time considered. Box 3099.

DOMESTIC and Au Pair staff available now. Monthly to twelve monthly periods. Apply P. & I. Agency, Room 500, 1/2 Hanover St, London, W1. GER. 0986.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAYS

Some places still left on the Special Boat Tours to the Soviet Union for Industrial & Office Workers & Students. July & August only. £67 15s. for approx. 9 days sea cruise & 8 days in the SU. £71 15s. for 11 days cruise & 10 days SU.

Other Boat Tours: £66 5s. (6 days in SU) Tours to Moscow by Super Coach via Berlin and Warsaw. (Mod. equipped coaches, with bar). 15 day holiday. Various dates. £66 3s.

Special Holidays starting in London to Czechoslovakia or Hungary by rail or air. Prices ranging from £33 12s.

For full details our brochure will be sent on request.

PROGRESSIVE TOURS LTD,
100a Rochester Row, London, SW1.
TATe 2152/3.

15 days in a pink-painted Inn set amidst oleanders and olives . . . on the sandy bay of Palaiokastritsa on Corfu . . . can be yours for only 59 gns, or Athens for only 61 guineas, travelling by air. Bon Viveur Holidays, 1 Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, London, SW3. KNI. 9788/4104.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

PARTY leaving by air on Friday evening 14 July for fortnight at Lloret de Mar, Spain. £37. Box 2893.

INTREPID schnorkellers wanted for small active party naturist S. France early June. Box 2929.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1199.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates frcs. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

FOOD AND DRINK

FORGOT my wife's birthday, lost my new umbrella, a dog trampled my pet plants - a day of despair! Then a soothing glass of superb El Cid Sherry, and a genial outlook now restored.

PERSONAL

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN MARCH TO MOSCOW

Appeal from: Boyd Orr, George Macleod, Bertrand Russell. International Team leaves London 4 June for Moscow on March through Europe, calling on countries en route to start disarming unconditionally. Among them 10 Americans who have already walked 4,000 miles from San Francisco via Washington to New York.

Please help support young volunteers from Britain. Cost £100 per volunteer. Contributions to Hugh Brock, Treasurer, Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.

PAYING GUEST accommodation required in British Families during holiday periods for Continental students.

CONTINENTAL STUDENTS seek 'Au pair' employment in British Families during Summer holidays.

UNIVERSAL STUDENT TRAVEL
34 Greek Street, London, W1.
GER. 8266.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Do advertisers have too much unchecked power in modern society? If you think so, help the Advertising Inquiry Council to develop more effective representation for the consumer. Write for details of membership and the Council's monthly Bulletin to the Secretary, AIC, 49 Cresswell Pl., SW10.

MOTHER of toddler seeks another similarly placed (baby welcome) to share flat at nominal rent in return for minding child 3 days a week. N London. Box 3093.

ISRAELI girl 18, English-speaking, wishes stay in English family, pref. London area/Surrey, 1 Aug.-15 Sept. '61. In exch., boy or girl offered stay in her home in Tivon, Haifa, during summer '62. References exchanged. Box 3044.

WANTED. Art-loving business talent to promote couple of artists on brink of success. Box 2999.

WANTED: 2-bedroomed furnished bungalow or house (clean, comf.) on coast. 3 adults. 3/4 weeks August. Box 3007.

A HUMAN being wtd to share cheap cottage. Carey, Fosse, Malmesbury, Wilts.

VISITOR to UK (f.) seeks seat in car touring Europe, mid-May/July. Box 2792.

FAMILY NS-minded, country or sea, sought to keep paying French girl 15½, August-mid-Sept. Must have young people (Engl.) same age group. Write with conditions: Brunn, 60 route des Gardes, Meudon (S. & O.), France.

GIRL stud. 20, sks interesting vac. work 17-30 June, pref. abroad. French, German spoken, some Italian. Box 2962.

FURN. attic, Regents Park, offered free in exchange baby-sitting. Box 2954.

AMERICAN expatriate Englishman, intellectual, cultured, wide range of interests, visiting Britain 14 June until 7 September buying antiques seeks travelling companions Britain-Continent, motor car or else how, open itinerary. William H. Baker, 637 Livernois Ave., Ferndale 20, Michigan, USA – and c/o. Alan Swingewood, Old Harrow, Langley, Stratford-on-Avon, England.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

'I'm all at VIs and VIIs — I'

PERSONAL—continued

REUNION. Newbattle Abbey College 1937-1939: A Reunion of the Staff and Students who were at the College during the years 1937-39 is being arranged for this Autumn. The proposed date is 28-30 October. Those interested should write to: A. M. K. Jamieson, 23 Oxgangs Drive, Edinburgh, 13.

THREE young men sharing August 2-week Continental holiday in Dormobile, seek a fourth. Box 3090.

TO let: detached house W. Cornwall. Sleep 6. Beautiful sit. 15 gns week. 29 July-12 Aug., 26 Aug.-9 Sept. Box 2886.

PERSON with art knowledge and right contacts required to place paintings by group of artists. Box 2991.

'EN FAMILLE' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent St, W1. (REGent 8866).

TERMS of very special interest to NS readers. If you part exchange your old radio or TV for a transistor set, tape recorder or television from Greene & Cooper Ltd, 211 Kenton Road. WOR. 9660. All leading makes including Ekco, Pye, Ferguson, Ferrograph, Telefunken, Grundig, Philips. With after sales service.

TEENAGE Holidays. Seven-day Drama Courses, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs O. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. WIM. 2161.

FRENCH and Spanish – translations and lessons GCE etc. By Frenchwoman teacher. Box 2805.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

MARK Gerson, Photographer to the world of books & art. Price list on request: 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 0609.

VITAL community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. For full details, write Secretary (N4), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

SCHIZOPHRENIA, most terrible of all mental illnesses, attacks one in a hundred. It is vitally important that more people understand and help. Take the first step by sending for the Mental Health Research Fund pamphlet 'Schizophrenia' (free) from the Mental Health National Appeal, Dept 10, 8 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook, E. Martin Browne. 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Education. Write 254b Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.

MADRIGAL Singers & Pianists: weekend 9 June at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Community & Communication'.

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MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MANNED Space Travel. A progress report appears in the June issue of 'Analog' Science Fact & Fiction. – 2s. 6d. from newsagents or (plus 5d. postage) from Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co. Ltd, 18 Bride Lane, London, EC4.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—contd

'WHICH?'. The May issue reports on car anti-theft devices, instant coffee, slide rules, hire purchase, cut prices. 'Which?' is based on independent tests and surveys, and is published monthly by the Consumers' Association. Available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

TRADE Union Affairs No. 2 now available: Articles on Common Market, Ireland's TUs, Polaris and the Scots, Inside the Frigidaire Strike. 4s. post free from TUA, 62 Devonshire Chambers, 146 Bishopsgate, London, EC2.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, Berks. Two of the Competitive Scholarships tenable at the above school become available in September 1961. Examination in July. Open to boys under nine on 1 June and not already entered for an IAPS School. Full fees 290 gns p.a., scholarship £75 p.a. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.816

'PHONATION et Audition' by Dr Tomatis, with a demonstration of the electronic ear. Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. Thurs., May 25, 6.15 p.m. Admission free.

PSYCHOANALYSIS from Viewpoint of Experimental Psychology: A. McKennell, Ph.D, Fri. 26 May, 7.30 p.m., at Friends Inter. Centre, 32 Tavistock Square. Adm. 2s. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

'ONE Life on Earth?' Public lecture. 21 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'FOR Peace of Mind, II', Oscar Köllerström, Fri. 26 May, 8 p.m. Caxton Hall, SW1.

IWC Public Lect. Free. Marianne Winder: 'The Buddha and His Path of Peace'. 8.30. Fri. 26 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 24 May, 6.30 p.m. 'Let's get Lost', Mr J. Swan-Foster. Sat. 27 May at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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INSTITUT Alpin, Videmanette, Rougemont/Vaud, Switzerland. Girls 16-20. Vacancies October 1962. First-class ski-ing, languages, domestic science, secretarial course. Prospectus from Mrs Wellington, 147 Stoke Road, Guildford, Surrey.

GERMANY 1961. Residential weekend course 2/4 June. Lecturers from English Universities and German Institute. Fee £3 7s. Further details from The Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

ST GILES School of Languages (Recognised by Ministry of Education) Summer Course for Teachers of English to Foreign Students 26 June-19 July. A four weeks Introductory Course 2 evenings per week in the methods and problems of teaching English as a foreign language. Write for details to: The Principal, St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LEARN Spanish in Granada! The International Holiday Schools this Summer (any period from 14 June to 9 Sept.) and, throughout the academic year, the Escuela de Estudios Españoles. All levels, all examinations. Get details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas (NN), Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons. Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre) (TRA. 2044).

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LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

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TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing). Mabel Eyles. Tel.. ENTerprise 3324.

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FOR Yoga Classes and Correspondence Course please write: The Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gdns, London, NW3.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

PIANO lessons: Ann Stott, LRAM, GRSM. Beginners welcome. SPE. 9974.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners. Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3013.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

MEETING The Netherlands, near Zuider Zee, 29 July-5 August, £7. Details: G. I. Lewis, 4 Townhill Road, Swansea.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

YOUNG man, 30ish, any nationality, wanted to share young people's flat nr Marble Arch. £3 10s. Box 3052.

SW1, St George's Sq. Furn. flatlet, all el. Share b. & t. 70s. PAR. 1190.

BUS. lady would like to share 3-bedrmd furn. house with anr bus. or professional lady. Ruislip 4975 or Box 3082.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

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3RD young bach. wanted to share furn. flat, 3 gns p.w. Call at 118 Gloucester Terrace, W2 (6 rings) 7-9 p.m., Sat. 2.30-5.

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FURN. house to let from 27 July. 3 bedrms, lge garden bordering small river, with boat. Edge of lge village 30 miles London, 20 miles sea. £30 one month. Box 2895.

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LYTHAM St Annes: part-furn., 3 room flat nr station, 55s. (f.). Box 2983.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HEAD of small household of 2 adopted ex-delinquents, urgently needs s/c. flat or small house; 4 rooms with kit. & bathrm. 6 gns max. Barnet/Finchley. Box 3027

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—contd

AMERICAN professor and family need 2-bedroom furnished flat in NW London from September to January. Gloucester Gate area preferred. Box 3038.

ARCHITECT requires large bed-sit.-room, cooking facilities, within mile Victoria. Away week-ends. Box 2955.

CONCERT violinist and wife need room, cooking facilities, use bath, London, 2 June-15 July. Box 3102.

AMERICAN engineer, wife, teen-age daughter require furnished flat London or convenient Croydon. Occupancy middle or end of June. Box 3066.

I'M told it's impossible. Bachelor (26) seeks self-contd flat; furn., part or unfurn. 5-6 gns. Near Angel or fairly central. Is it? Box 2854.

MATURE student & wife (teacher) require unfurn. s/c. flat, London, from mid-July. TUL. 2094.

UNIV. London visiting professor, wife, req. s/c. flat July, Aug. HOP. 0207.

TEACHER (f.), seeks smallish unfurn. flat, Notting Hill area. Box 3126.

GIRL student, Ceylonese, seeks accom. close High St, Ken. Cooking facilities, h. & c. End May latest. Box 3153.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

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London's 1961 TU Festival

LONDON TRADE UNION WEEK
24 – 31 MAY 1961

WEDNESDAY, 24 MAY

Assemble 12 noon, Congress House, Gt Russell St, WC1—**Grand Opening Ceremony by Ted Hill, Chairman TUC. Parade** along Oxford Street, W1. *Evening 7 p.m.*—**Fashion Parade and Film Show** and **Final Award Personality Girl,** Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn (*Admission Free*).

THURSDAY, 25 MAY

Noon: Official Opening **Contemporary Art Exhibition** at Bethnal Green Public Library E2 (*thereafter daily till 8 p.m.*) *Admission Free. Evening, 7 p.m.*—**Film Show and Lecture Professor R. S. F. SCHILLING,** London School of Hygiene, on 'Health at Work' —Hammer Theatre, 113 Wardour Street, W1. (*Admission Free*).

FRIDAY, 26 MAY

Evening 7 p.m.— **Richard Marsh, MP,** leads the **Youth Discussion Conference. Songs** by The London Youth Choir. York Hall, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, Victoria, SW1 (St James' Park Tube Station) (*Admission Free*).

SATURDAY, 27 MAY

Evening, 7.30-11.30 p.m.—**Grand Dance with KEN COLYER and his JAZZ BAND,** and the **RONNIE JAY ORCHESTRA,** St Pancras Town Hall. Licensed Bar. (*Tickets 6s*).

SUNDAY, 28 MAY

Afternoon—**River Boat Shuffle** to Richmond with **TERRY LIGHTFOOT and his NEW ORLEANS JAZZMEN.** Leaves Charing Cross Pier 3 p.m. Return 7 p.m. (*Tickets 10s*). *Evening*—Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, Chelsea. Special presentation of 'The Triple Alliance'. For particulars of admission apply address below.

MONDAY, 29 MAY

11.30 a.m.-8 p.m.—**Photographic Exhibition,** Congress House, TUC, Great Russell Street. *Evening 6.30 p.m.*—**Any Questions Session** on 'Why Professional and Clerical Workers should belong to a Trade Union'. **Margaret Rawlings and Johnny Dankworth** YMCA, Gt Russell St, WC1 (*Admission Free*).

TUESDAY, 30 MAY

Evening, 7 p.m.—**Lecture, 'Trade Unions in the Sixties'** by Allan Flanders, Oxford University, at Beveridge Hall, Senate House, Malet St, WC1 (*Admission Free*).

WEDNESDAY, 31 MAY

Evening, 7 p.m.—**Ballads & Blues Concert,** Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane, EC4. (*Tickets 2s*). *Also 6.30 p.m.*—**Youth Forum & Public Speaking Contest,** YMCA, Gt Russell St, WC1 (*Public Invited*).

All the week: at **Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15,** the Irish Musical **'Glory Be'**, with Milo O'Shea: at **Royal Court Theatre, Chelsea,** the controversial play **'The Blacks'** by **Jean Genet.** *Special reduced terms at both theatres for trade union parties.*

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THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

22, 25 & 27 May at 7.30 Falstaff
23 May at 7.30 & 26 May at 7.15 Tosca

THE ROYAL BALLET
(Last 2 weeks of season)

24 May at 7.30 Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Sylphides, Antigone
27 May at 2.0 Le Lac des Cygnes

Seats available. Tel.: COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS
(TERminus 1672)
Commencing Wed. 24 May
Evgs 7.30, Mat. Sats 2.30
Sadler's Wells Opera in
LA VIE PARISIENNE
Offenbach

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Three Posts on the Square'. Members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. 'Altona' by Sartre. Run extended until 27 May.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, St 5, 8. 'Waiting for Godot'. Uproarious comedy.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): John Whiting's 'A Penny for a Song' 26, 27, (Mems. 28), 31 May, 1, 2, 3 June at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard'. Commencing 2 June.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. 2.30 & 7.30, 22, 23, 24 May. Admission free.

CONCERTS

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION
in association with
THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF NEW MUSIC and
THE HALLE CONCERTS SOCIETY
PUBLIC ORCHESTRAL REHEARSAL
Wednesday 24 May 1961 at 7.30 p.m.,
Morley College,
61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1.

HALLE ORCHESTRA cond by
MAURICE HANDFORD
Overture 'Antic Hay'
RICHARD STOKER
A Short Symphony Op. 7
DAVID LUMSDAINE
Triptych for Orchestra
DAVID FREEDMAN

2s. Tickets on sale at door.
Admission Free to members of SPNM & ICA.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, 4 June, at 7.30. Wilfrid Van Wyck Ltd presents Alan Loveday, English Chamber Orchestra, Antony Hopkins. Overture, 'Coriolan', Beethoven. Violin Concerto in D, Beethoven. Symphony No. 29 in A, K.201, Mozart. Violin Concerto in D, Paganini. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s. WAT. 3191 and agents.

'THE Second Hurricane', a recording by the New York Philharmonic of Aaron Copland's play opera. Conducted by Leonard Bernstein. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 25 May, 12.30 p.m. Adm. free.

'EPITHALAMION' by R.V.W. Ministry of Education Choir at Ministry of Health, W1. 1 June, 7.30. Tickets: 3s. & 5s. HYD. 7070, Ext. 459 or at door.

CONCERTS—continued

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Weekly (Thursdays) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dances, at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1 – 25 May, Raga System & Western Composition. John Mayer, Composer & Violinist. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Asian Music & Dance Academy – Classes to teach Dances (Bharat Natyam, Kathak, etc.), Javanese and Balinese Dances, the Sitar, Tabla and Singing, Tagore Songs.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

ENTERTAINMENTS

early hitchcock
and
British thrillers of
the thirties
Ring

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Co. in Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 21 May: Marius Trilogy: 'Cesar' (A) From 22 May: Cocteau's 'Le Testament D'Orphee' (A).

KARL-KRAUS Evening, Sunday 28 May at 7.30, Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Martin Miller reads from Kraus' works (in German). Tickets 7s. 6d. from Anglo-Austrian Society. 139 Kensington High Street, W8. (WES. 9003).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Summer pictures by Monet, Renoir, Dufy and many other famous artists; see them at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley – Paintings. 25 May-1 July. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Private View for members Wednesday, 24 May, 6 p.m. To be opened by Man Ray.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Edmond Kapp: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1911-1961. 20 April to 19 May inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Until 10 June, Exhibition of Lithographs by 27 Soviet Artists from the Leningrad Experimental Graphics Laboratory. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

ERNEST Barlach 1870-1938: Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 3 June. Mon, Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Tenth Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture by Kensington Artists, 13 May-10 June 1961. Weekdays 11 a.m.-6 p.m. (Saturdays 5 p.m.). Admission free.

HANOVER Galjery, 32A St George Street, W1. William Scott – Recent Paintings. Until 17 June. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CHILTERN Art Gallery, 10 Chiltern St, W1. First Exhibition of the Taurus Artists, also Goetz, Czobel Vertes. 10-6, Sats 10-2.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sergio De Castro paintings and gouaches. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 3 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 27 May: Paintings by Fidler.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Summer Selection; Boyd, Bratby, Chapman, Coker, Greaves, Piper, Weight, etc. 16 May-20 June.

EXHIBITION of works by Henryk Grunwald (paintings and metallo-plastics) Mondays to Fridays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tues., 23 May to 9 June. Extension to 8 p.m. Thurs. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, London, W1. Admn. free.

CONTEMPORARY Yugoslav Paintings & Sculpture. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 28 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues Thurs 10-8; Sun 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries May Exhibitions: new paintings by John Craxton and Rutherford. Original etchings and lithos by Modern Artists. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Till 27 May.

THE Graven Image 1961. (British lithographs, etchings etc.), also woodcuts by Shiko Munakata. RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit St, W1. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12: Moholy-Nagy. Paintings, Collages: 1914-1946. Fr. 24 May.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Cyril Fradan: Paintings. 8-27 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Israel. 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent sculpture: Denis Mitchell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). Jackson Pollock. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Opens 26 May.

MOLTON Gallery. Jannis Spyropoulos – Recent Paintings. 10-27 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

COMMUNIST Party Artists Group. Exhibition – Paintings and Crafts. Saturday, May 27, 4.30 p.m.-7 p.m. Sunday, 28 May, 2 p.m.-8 p.m. Admission 1s. At our new Gallery, 13 Robert St, NW1. Party Saturday, 27 May, 8 p.m.-11.30 p.m. Admission by ticket only; send s.a.e. to Box 3140 for tickets.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CLAUDE BOURDET
Editor, 'France Observateur'
DICK CLEMENTS
Editor, 'Tribune'
STUART HALL
Editor, 'New Left Review'
on
FRANCE
after the attempted coup
TUESDAY, 23 MAY at 8 p.m.
NUR Hall, Euston Road
Organised jointly by
PARTI SOCIALISTE UNIFIE
&
LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB
Admission 2s.

SHAW Society. 26 May. Professor Stanley Ryans on 'Shaw in his Diaries', National Book League, Albemarle St, W1. 7 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 21 May, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. A Thought-out Position: Virginia Flemming.

POETRY/blues: (Iris Orton); Partisan, Carlisle St, Soho. 27 May, 9 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

AFRICA
GENERAL STRIKE
29-31 May 1961
MASS SUPPORT
FROM GREAT BRITAIN
RALLY TRAFALGAR SQUARE
Sunday, 28 May, 3 p.m.
Anti-Apartheid Movement,
15 Endsleigh Street, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Origins of Greco-Buddhist Art' will be delivered by Professor D. Schlumberger (Strasbourg) at 5.45 p.m. on 29 May and 2 June at the Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Sq., WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

GRESHAM College. Basinghall Street, London, EC2. A Lecture by Professor Bonamy Dobrée, Gresham Professor in Rhetoric, on 'The Music of Poetry', illustrated with readings by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, and music by Georgina Dobrée, (Clarinet); Christopher Bunting ('Cello), and Alexander Kelly (Piano). Friday, 26 May, 6.15 p.m. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Thomas Balogh on 'The Nature of the Soviet Challenge', Wed. 24 May, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

'NEW Ideas about Growth', a lecture by Michael M. Swann, Professor of Zoology, University of Edinburgh. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street ent., Wed, 24 May, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Party, dancing to the Melody Men. Members free, guests 2s. 6d. Thursday, 25 May, 8.30-11 p.m. Visit to the American Museum in Britain, at Bath, 8 July, one week after official opening. Train, bus, admission, cookie tea: £2 10s. ICA members and one guest only. Apply before 21 May.

BARONNE de Belle Roche will speak – at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7 – on 'Les Grandes Dames du Val de Loire' – 8 p.m., Wednesday, 24 May. Special performance by the Sonneurs de Trompes of the Loire Valley. Admission free.

'THE American Muse', an illustrated lecture on US painting by Henri Dorra, Assistant Director, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, DC. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 23 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE newly elected Committee of The New Jewish Society wish to invite members and guests to a Social to meet the new Committee on Wed. 24 May at 83 Chiltern St, W1, 8 p.m.-10.30 p.m. Admission to guests 3s. 6d. No charge to members.

THE 'New Humanity' in the Atomic Energy Era. Free Kensington Lecture – Summary from: 10 Westfields Road, W3.

'ALL Quiet on the Western Front', first time on 16 mm. Plus introduction on historical background. St Marylebone CND, Thursday 25 May, St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row (Marylebone Rd/Edgware Rd), NW1. 7.45 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 19 May, 8 p.m. Sov. Films: 'Feast of Orthodoxy', 'Moiseyev Ballet'. Fri. 26 May, 8 p.m. John Lawrence: 'Soviet roots in past'.

THE Trades Unions and the Bomb. Spkrs: Clive Jenkins, ASSET, Hugh Jenkins, Equity. Chairman: George Clark. 25 May, 7.30, Caxton Hall. Westminster CND.

'X-15' and 'Men in Flight' films on the X-15 rocket plane and USAF Space Medicine Research. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 25 May, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.815

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